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A. M. B. C.

The
Spring Hill Review

Spring Hill College

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THE NATIVITY

Spring Hill Review

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NO. 1



A Christmas Soliloquy

"Unbar the bolt of your eternal portal,
Ye Cherubin I
For lo I the King of Glory, the Immortal,
Shall pass therein."

"Who is this King of Glory?" rang the song
From Heaven's center:
"The Lord of Hosts, the Powerful, the Strong,
'Tis He shall enter."

Thus sang the Prophet seeing him ascending
To highest heaven;
To whose Eternal Light, with heaven blending
All praise is given.

But lo! the same descends to David's City
 And harsh discord
 Is grated on her gates—closed without pity
 'Gainst David's Lord:

Closed, closed, the gates against the Chief that led them
 From Egypt weary;
 Closed, closed, the doors against the Hand that fed them
 In desert dreary:

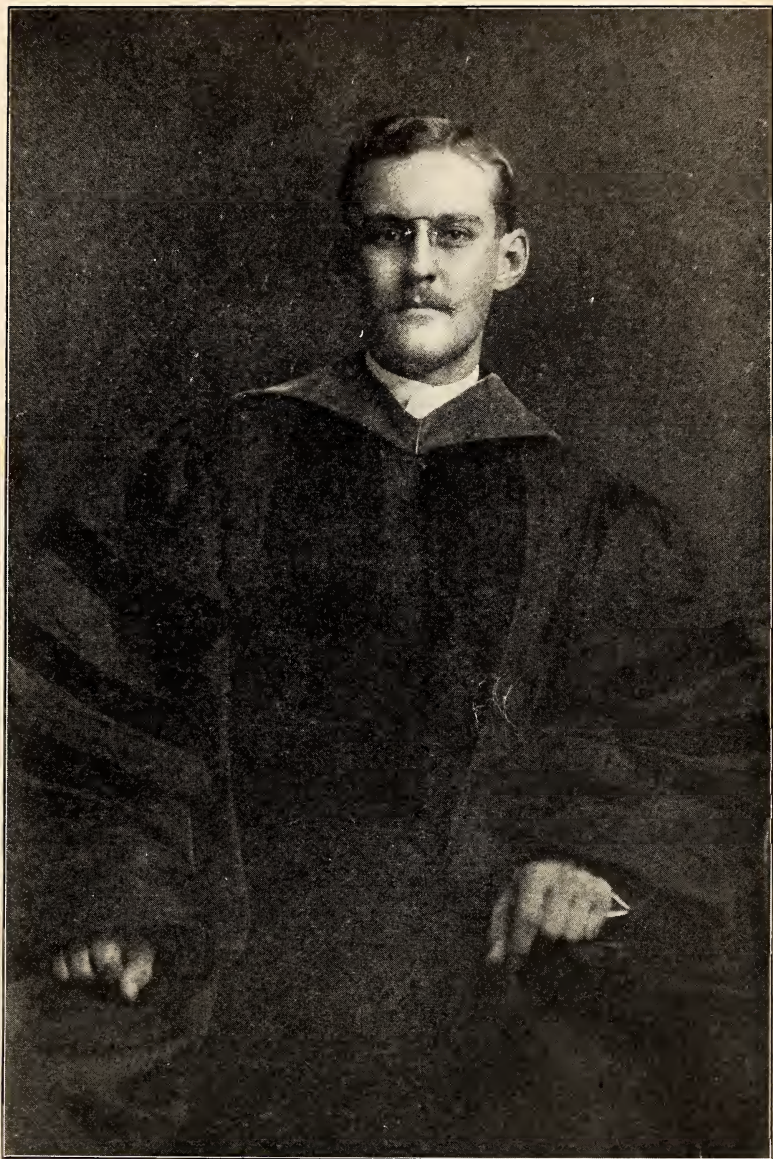
Block'd hearts 'gainst Him that comes to Israel
 With boundless love;
 Block'd 'gainst the Maid and her Emmanuel,
 The God above.

Where's David now, with finger energetic
 On bold harp string?
 Ah, Jeremiah, deign with soul pathetic
 This night to sing!
 Alas! There's none to greet in tone prophetic
 King David's King!

Yet weep not, Royal Babe, Thou wast not born
 In vain this night.
 No! No! Ten thousands, drooping, weary, worn,
 Hold hearts upright,
 Hoping to feel, when Thou hast plucked the thorn,
 Beyond the struggle, and the strife and scorn,
 Thy Love, Thy Light.

We open, with our open bosoms swelling,
 Portal and door;
 And offer Thee, with love beyond our telling,
 Hearts that adore;
 And only ask Thee take up here Thy dwelling
 Forevermore!

A. C. M



T. HUBBARD MCHATTON, '03, Doc. S.

Collegiate Technical Training

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Address by T. Hubbard McHatton, B. S., Doc. S., M. S., Professor of Barnesville, Georgia, Agricultural College.

Rev. Fathers, Students of Spring Hill College, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In June of 1903, in this same institution, surrounded by the same familiar scenes, I received my degree of Bachelor of Science. Little did I think then that in 1907 I would again appear before you to deliver my doctor's oration. It is with some fear of my ability to do so with justice that I enter upon a discussion of the subject chosen—The advantages to technical students of collegiate training according to the Jesuit system of education.

Let us see exactly what the Jesuit system does. First, it teaches subservience to authority; second, it teaches a student how to study; third, it teaches religion, with its logic, its philosophy and its ethics; fourth, it teaches such other things as are necessary to attain a better brain development; and lastly, it lays a foundation for a regular and healthful mode of life.

Long years of experience and practical application have taught the Jesuit fathers that, until one has learned to submit gracefully to lawful authority, his chances of success in life are small. It is a bitter moment for the young man when he first sees and is compelled to acknowledge that the all wise God has created man in many gradations and through some mistake has neglected to put him on top. Take my own case, for example. When I first came down that avenue and made my debut into the halls of this institution, I did not know what authority meant; but some years later, when I started on the return journey, I knew how to receive an order, I knew how to execute a command. If I had taken nothing else away from Spring Hill, that one thing would have been an invaluable asset to me in my future work. Why? Because in later years

when I was told to do a thing, I did not waste time arguing with myself whether I should or not, but I did it. When the professors gave lessons that seemed out of all proportion to human reason, precious moments were not spent thinking about the injustice of it, but I went home and did the work.

The seemingly petty rules and restrictions of Spring Hill pale into insignificance when you have your own to make and those of a higher institution to follow. Universities have only a few regulations, but these are iron clad. The penalty for breaking them does not consist of lines to write or memorize, but expulsion. And why does the Jesuit boy not overstep these bounds? Simply because he learned from the fathers to obey in little things, and most people will gag at a gnat but swallow an elephant. Or on the other hand, if he does break them, he has probably had sufficient practice in hoodwinking the prefect to hopelessly fool any ordinary individual. This obedience that some have taken in as a sponge does water and that others have had pounded into them, is of an advantage to the technical student in so much as it makes him a desirable member of his chosen institution, keeps him in good standing with the faculty and makes it possible for him to continue his course.

And even to make a wider application of this principle, which I think is not amiss upon this occasion; do we not see that obedience, subjection to authority is one of the most crying needs of our age? Why have we labor and capital locked in mortal strife? What is the cause of mob violence? Why do we have race against race? Simply because man has not yet learned to bow his will to the universal law of authority. No matter what your position, there is always some one over you to whom you owe respect, to whom you owe obedience; and lucky is the man who has had this instilled into him early in youth, for he is saved many hard blows and reverses later in life.

The second point of importance in the Jesuit system of education is that it teaches the student how to study. I have often heard it said, in the yard out there, that a fellow either had to study here or go crazy, for there was nothing else to

do. As a rule, those going through a thing do not understand its importance, but in the hours that you put in in the study hall with a prefect watching you, making you get your lessons, making you concentrate your mind, you are laying the foundations upon which you must build the superstructure of advanced education. The amount of the power of concentration and the amount of stick-to-it-iveness to study that you get while under the fathers means either your success or failure in any technical course you may take up. You think some of the problems that you get in physics are dense; you do not understand the proof of a geometrical theorem, you cannot solve a triangle in trigonometry, or probably it is a Latin sentence you cannot dig out. You just simply can't do it, but the prefect says, "Oh, yes, you can." And he makes you dig a little bit harder, till possibly, at last, after the endless time of an hour, you have gotten it. What has the prefect done? He hasn't been as mean as he could; no, he has made a convolution in your brain that is there to stay, and it, with many more like it, will at some future time make you study a technical problem for months until at last you have mastered it.

Let us take a concrete example. I know a class that entered a college with 350 men. That same class, little less than a month ago, graduated 100. What became of them? Lack of funds threw out possibly a score, sickness another score, death some two or three, and expulsion enough to bring the number up to seventy; and now what happened to the others, 180 of them? Lack of application and study has compelled them to drop out, or the authorities to force them out. They did not know how to study, they could not because they had not had the training. It is a well known fact that the freshman year of an institution is always the hardest. Why? Because they pile on the work, they heap it up just to weed out the poor students. And if a man lacks the power of concentration and does not know how to go at his work, the freshman year in a college or university is a poor time to learn; and there is not any course in which you need such close observation and such close study as in a technical one.

The Jesuit fathers next teach you religion with its logic,

its philosophy and its ethics. They burn deep into your soul the mighty love and fear of God; they start you on your life's journey pure in heart and with the fundamental truths of Catholicism fixed firmly in your brain. They teach you logic; you learn to distinguish between a false and a correct premise, you learn to deduce logical conclusions from such premises, and above all you are taught to see the error of many a man's judgments and to know why they are erroneous. In your philosophy you prove your theses, such as, God exists, He is all perfect, all merciful; man has a soul; species are immutable, and so on. From your ethics, you learn what you can do and what you cannot do. You are put in a position to judge between right and wrong, you are made absolute masters of your own actions.

I would that I could impress upon every boy in this institution, and in every like one, the importance of the subjects just mentioned. Study your logic, philosophy, and ethics as you never studied anything else before, forget all other things if you will, but carry these away with you, tucked in the corners and crevices of your brain to be brought out again when needed, for you will need them surely sooner or later.

It is impossible for me to speak for all the technical courses, as I am only familiar with one and that is agriculture. What is scientific agriculture? If I remember rightly, I have never seen a definition of it; and the only feasible way of giving one is by enumeration. Agriculture may not rank with law and medicine, but I am safe in saying that it covers a far wider field than either of these. It deals with biology in all its forms, such as botany, bacteriology, zoology, and physiology of both plants and animals; it treats of inorganic matter from the very foundations, for every minute, every hour sees innumerable chemical and physical changes going on within the soil. The scientific farmer must be familiar with all the laws of nature, for each and every one of them are either working for or against him all the time.

The question now naturally comes to your mind. But what has logic and philosophy to do with these things? Simply this: every scientific fact and law of to-day is a logical

conclusion drawn from ample premises. It is an everyday occurrence for some scientists to bring out a new law or expound a new theory that does not follow logically from the facts of the case; and the logic you get at Spring Hill will help you to find out whether this new theory is worthy of consideration or not. And as for philosophy, it is too well known that this day and generation is becoming more and more skeptical, and that more and more men are putting up their feeble, little, human intellects against the all wise Creator; every one of the higher sciences is ceasing to take God into account; when they reach a point beyond which they cannot go, they simply say: we cannot explain this now, but probably will later. In the system of education to-day, whether preparatory, college or university, puffed up with their own intellectual pride, men dignify their theories and their knowledge with the name of science, yet ignore the Author of all sciences, the first and primal cause of all things, God. You will even have some of your professors tell you that the object of your work along certain lines is to find what life is, and learn the living substance. You will study Darwin, the man who has brought together as much, if not more material and correlated as many, if not more facts than any other scientist, and all in order to prove that the world attained its present perfection through evolution instead of by creation.

All these stumbling blocks and many, many more that I lack time to enumerate, will you run across daily in the higher sciences; and then you will have to turn to that philosophy the Jesuit fathers taught you and say: "The living substance, life, was created, and though we mark its phenomena, it is absolutely beyond the comprehension of mere man." You will have to put your finger upon many a paragraph and say: "Here, I distinguish, for the author has mixed up an accidental quality with an essential attribute, and therefore, his conclusion does not logically follow." Mind, it is not necessary for you to shout your beliefs from the housetops, for you are there to learn the opinions of others on the same subject; but unless you know your religion with its logic and its philosophy, as soon as you enter the portals of a higher institution

of science or technology, you are on the highroad to become an agnostic or in other words, an ignoramus.

When it comes to other things taught for brain development, all the world must doff its cap to the Jesuit system of education. They not only teach the mathematics and science of other schools and colleges, but they pay particular attention to the languages; and it is the opinion of the majority of educators that the study of a language is the finest of mental gymnastics. It matters not whether the language be Latin, Greek, German, French or Spanish; it is brain development that is sought, and that brain development is attained when you have mastered a given tongue. For the technical student, I would say if you can only take one, take German; if you can take two, take Latin and German, for Latin plays a most important part in scientific nomenclature, and the greatest scientific work is done in Germany. But on the other hand if you can get nothing but Sanscrit and Hebrew, study these, for the better developed brain you have when you begin your technical course, the easier will be the work, the more you will learn and the better man will you be in your chosen line when you have finished.

An lastly, there is no other system of education that so imbues a man with regularity and healthful recreation as does the Jesuit. Order and regularity are the governing laws of the world; the sun shines at its appointed time; no star of the heaven forgets to shine; the earth continues in its designated orbit instead of flying off on a tangent, circling around Mars, Jupiter or Saturn; and—look about you—every tree grows in its own fashion, every bird sings its own song and every insect lives its own life, and nothing that has lived ever forgets to die. It is universal regularity and order, and so here, every minute, every hour of your day, is filled with its appointed duties; everything is done by the tap of a bell. Oh! the molten, golden notes that come up from the throat of that old bell when it is calling you to recreation or meals, and oh! its clash, clang and roar when it is time to be up and doing, when it is telling you of study. Yet, that same old bell with its multifarious moods and tones so instils regularity, that

when you have left this institution and have your own laws of order to make, you will be able to systematize your work and do twice as much as the n'er-do-well, happy-go-lucky fellow that has studied elsewhere.

And if you have profited by your training, you will have that greatest of all accomplishments—the power to put aside your work and take recreation. It is this that makes life a success or renders it a failure; to be able to lay aside the trials, troubles and tribulations of the class room and study hour, means that you are giving your brain absolute rest, for you are changing its occupation, you are making a strong body in which to build up a brain capable of fine distinctions and great comprehensions; a brain that will make you a man among men.

Some of you are just going out now, others are just beginning, and I represent the past, for I have gone; I have taken a scientific and technical course and I would that I could impress on each and every one of you the value of the Jesuit system of training to technical students. But it will not be many years after you have left, whether you follow the scientific, technical or professional walk of life, before you cast a lingering glance back to old Spring Hill and thank God that He was so kind as to give your father and mother or your guardian foresight enough to send you to the Jesuits for your preparatory education.

Freshmania

His mind with bright visions of glory aflame,
And his hat tilted back on his poll,
Freshie has but one aim—to get into the game,
And thus carve his name on Fame's scroll,
For that is the student's true goal.
And his style is so modishly droll;
Each crease is as fixed as a seam,
His necktie a bright rainbow gleam,

Wherein glows a glass jewel's beam
 And the clocks on his socks are a dream.
 'Neath his pin-spangled breast swells the pride of
 his soul,
 For he's certain, as Peary of reaching the pole,
 That he cannot be kept off the team.

The bleachers and diamond are Glory's own field,
 So don't mention proud Illium's shore.
 Let this husky young hero a wagon tongue wield,
 Then list to the rooters loud roar,
 And your Greeks may slay Trojans galore,
 For these guys of old classical lore,
 Played rowdy it can't be denied,
 Both Achilles and Hector who died,
 And Cesar who umpires defied.
 And Cicero, speech-making bore,
 Ulysses and Horace and some dozen more
 Must have quit, he suspects, for he can't find their score
 In that roster of genius he daily reads o'er,
 That unique roll of fame—Spalding's Guide.

While energy agitates each supple joint,
 His three baggers will make him a king,
 Though he can't hit the curves of the decimal point,
 Nor catch rhymes riding Pegasus' wing;
 For no glory from brain work can spring,
 And no Muse will be wooed with a ring:
 His professors are too autocratic
 When he fumbles a problem quadratic,
 Oh he's run out on themes most erratic.
 So he tells them in language emphatic,
 That all books to the dogs he will fling.
 They're old fogies all, and he wont do a thing,
 But dress and play banjo, grow hirsute and sing,
 And slide home in a manner dramatic.

Gregory Finch, '10.

The Trappers

William Henry Kelly has caught a squirrel and in consequence, there is excitement from the borders of the Lake to the most western confines of Yenni Hall. William Henry is for the moment lifted upon a pedestal of importance. Envious are the hearts of the large circle of boys that surround him, while the little wild-eyed animal he holds is an object of admiration out of all proportion to its size.

Not much time, however, is wasted by the admiring group in barren sentiment regarding the squirrel or its proud owner. Emulation leads to immediate action, and soon prowling bands are ransacking wood-pile and store-room. "Where," we ask an hour later, "did they find all these various and seemingly impossible forms of squirrel traps?" There is last year's broken one of heavy timber, thick enough to defy the teeth of any rodent, and with a door that drops like a guillotine; next is one of fine wire netting, transparent, inviting; there are dilapidated rat traps, tin boxes with covers and without them, traps light and heavy, large and small, all held tight under their owner's arms, as precious treasures ought to be, for they are now to be patched and repaired for immediate use.

As the materials, so are the tools—a hatchet with a broken handle, a retired meat saw, a table knife, rusty tacks and twisted wire—these are the rude but efficient instruments of youthful skill.

It is a busy day for the Juniors, this opening of the trapping season about the end of October. Yet the work must cease for a time, the bell is ringing; but if the hands are not busy, all minds are still bent on wood-craft. The problem for solution in class or study is not to find the rate per cent, or the value of x but to find the best tree for a trap and the best bait for a squirrel. Next recreation finds all ready for a trial in cunning between the little wild animal and the wild little boy. What ingenuity is displayed in devising with the most perverse material, doors, springs and connections between the

alluring nut and the deceptive entrance! At last all is ready, but not without many a bruised thumb and skinned knuckle; and now to find a suitable tree.

What spot is best suited for a trap is a question much disputed among hunters. Some who are of a rather suspicious disposition prefer a remote and secret place, where the traps will not be within reach, or knowledge of possible predatory rivals. Trees hard to climb are in favor with these, for the risk of bruised shins is a powerful barrier against plunderers. Another who is short and stout prefers a place near home. He has a happy-go-lucky appearance, and possesses a trap that is most fearfully and wonderfully made, and that has been declared worthless by connoisseurs. Perhaps it is the weird and uncouth plan of the **contraption** that attracts and entices the little fliers, for it catches them, even in the most unlikely localities. The philosophy of this trapper is very simple. He says there are squirrels all over, and you can catch them in any old tree—if you are lucky. There it is in a nut-shell. Some trees are lucky and others are not, some fellows are lucky and others are not; so do not worry about fine traps, special nuts, and select spots. To be lucky or the contrary is all the difference between success and failure in the business; and this opinion seems to receive the most general approval of the craft. Be it noted—it is not lucky to catch the first squirrel of the season. William Henry has only his first solitary catch to his credit while others have grown rich with the spoils of the chase.

The object of all this eager search is certainly worth it. The flying squirrel is easily tamed, and his small size and soft delicate fur make him the most precious of pets; besides, he is portable. He can and does live in his master's pocket, and delights to run up his sleeve and rest on his shoulder. His fur though not bright, is soft and glossy, and his eyes are large and dark.

Wishing to know more of this popular little prisoner we consulted a scientific book about him, and found the learned scientist was an ignoramus on the flying squirrel. He says in the first place that our little pet is not a squirrel at all, but

must be considered a mus, a "ridiculus mus" and is to be classed with "rats and mice and such small deer." Rats! Mr. Scientist.

This nature-fakir continues—"There is nothing in the motion of this quadruped that deserves the name of flying." We think, Mr. Scientist, that you never saw a flying-squirrel in your life, except a stuffed one. Have we not seen with our own eyes this little furry fellow take his brave leap into space from the topmost branch of a towering oak, and with outstretched membrane soar through the air and light like a wood-pecker high up on the trunk of another tree full forty feet from his starting point? He is, in truth, a flying squirrel and not a jumping rat.

The squirrel having been captured, how will the successful hunter transfer him from the trap to his pocket? It is a moment of great peril and grave anxiety. It is a problem requiring as much caution, patience, and diplomacy as to hoist a wild elephant on board an ocean liner. The sympathy of the onlookers is with the captor; but if the captive draw blood or make his escape what jeers greet the unlucky trapper! But the timid little fellow is usually brought out, and a halter, commonly a shoe-string, the badge and chain of his servitude, is placed around his neck. If he survives the simple but vigorous system of training to which he is subjected he generally manages, sooner or later, to break jail and return to his woodland haunts. His inborn love of liberty is well concealed till his jailer becomes careless and over-confident. Then the trusty squirrel, like other trusties, slips from his prison house never again to be betrayed into bondage by a tempting nut displayed in the dark cavern of a treacherous box.

A. Touart, '09.

Man Proposes, But God Disposes

It was the night before Christmas. The myriads of stars overhead paled before the stately moon which moved majestically through the cloudless sky. Its silvery rays fell upon the snow-covered earth and seemed to cast a ghost-like gloom over the expectant world.

Within his spacious parlor sat Judge Randall, the wealthiest citizen of the village of Sussex, with his wife and daughter. A cheery fire glowed in the hearth and spread warmth and comfort throughout the room.

The Judge, from all appearances, was a man about fifty years of age, tall and slim, with soft silvery hair curling gracefully about an open, florid countenance. His wife, some years his junior, was a matronly woman of kind and amiable disposition and her husband's constant companion and adviser.

Their daughter, Stella, just turned eighteen and tall like her father, had come home from college for the holidays. She, in truth seemed fully imbued with the spirit of this most sacred time, which visits every household, and disseminates within it a feeling of peace and unison between parents and children, between brothers and sisters, and, in fact, between man and man in every sphere of life. She had been chatting gaily for the past half hour, first about one thing and then another, until now, when, having tired herself, she glanced about the room in search of some amusement.

Suddenly her eye fell upon the old family album, whose pages she had time and again reviewed when a child. Making her way to the table upon which it lay, she picked it up, tenderly, almost reverently, and brought it back to her seat.

Slowly she turned its pages, here and there asking questions of her parents, as to whose picture this or that was. Suddenly her eye was attracted by a new picture, one that she had never seen before.

It was of a handsome young man, of about twenty-four or five years of age, with black hair, large eyes, and clear, sharp features. Immediately her curiosity was aroused.

"Whose is this picture, father?" she asked. "It is a new one, for I have never noticed it before."

The Judge took the picture from the outstretched hand, and gazed upon it silently for a moment.

"This, daughter, is my brother, an uncle whom you may never see; he may be alive, which I trust is so, or perhaps," added the Judge with a sigh, "he may be dead. The photograph is not a new one, but one which your mother found in an old trunk."

"Then there is a mystery connected with his life?" she cried with excitement. "O please tell me of it father!"

The Judge looked up into his daughter's face, and seeing there, her eagerness clearly outlined, readily assented.

"The picture, as I have said," began the Judge, "is one of my brother Walter, of whom you have never heard. Before your mother and I were married, Walter and I lived together, but after my marriage, he would not take up his abode with me, but persisted in remaining alone. A year afterwards we moved here, having become in some degree wealthy through the death of your mother's father. On Christmas eve of the same year, ah! how well do I remember it, twenty-five years ago to-day, I received a letter from Walter that brought sorrow to both your mother and me. I do not remember the exact words of it but in it he said that he also had loved your mother, though neither of us had dreamed of such a thing, and, since I had beaten him to the goal, he now proposed to go out into the world and try to forget the one he loved, though he could never be happy without her. He then closed wishing us happiness and bidding us forget him. In a postscript he stated that he wished me to possess what little property he had, as he had taken only a small medallion with our mother's picture imprinted on it. So you see—But hark! What noise was that?"

A dull heavy thud sounded from without, followed by a piteous moan that bespoke someone was in distress.

In a moment the Judge was up, and rushing to the door, flung it open. The sight that met his gaze was a horrible one, for there across the porch lay the frozen and unconscious form of a man. Immediately he was at his side, and picking him up, bore him into the house and placed him before the fire.

At this juncture the Judge's wife entered the room, bringing with her a small glass of brandy, which after being administered, brought signs of returning consciousness; his frozen limbs began to thaw, and his blood to circulate rapidly. Slowly he opened his eyes and looked about him. His gaze rested a moment on the silent Judge, and suddenly a wild look spread over his whole countenance. He clutched his throat, and then with a swift movement, brought forth a small medallion.

"Charles" he cried, stretching forth his arms, and endeavoring to rise.

The Judge for an instant drew back; then throwing himself forward he exclaimed—"Walter, 'tis you!"

In a moment they were locked in warm embrace, while mother and daughter looked on in utter bewilderment.

"Man proposes, but God disposes," murmured one.

"Gloria In Excelsis Deo," cried the other, falling on her knees in prayer.

A. R. Bloch, '10.



An Essay on History

The man who knows nothing of the past is excluded from the best inheritance of mankind. It is not his lot to become acquainted with those great heroes and geniuses of antiquity at whose prodigies of valor succeeding generations have much marvelled. Such a one must be content to live with little influence among his fellows and to meet the great without the look of recognition.

Cicero calls history "the witness of ages, the torch of truth, the life of memory, the oracle of life, the interpreter of the past," and does not hesitate to say, that "to be ignorant of what has happened before one's birth, is nothing less than to remain in a continual state of childhood."

We all feel an indefinable yearning to know something of the illustrious dead, to familiarize ourselves with their daily customs, to embody in our own lives the sterling principles, which at their death they have bequeathed to the sons of earth.

History is the golden link that binds the living with the dead; the present with the past. It removes from our eyes the gloom that shrouds the past; it gives to the unbodied spirit a new form of humanity.

Adam, the father of the human race, stands once more in the garden of Beauty, the dew of heaven upon his face, fresh from the hand of his Creator, stainless, matchless, the masterpiece of God's visible creation; once more the rolling waters of the deluge make desolate the home of man, and the Ark of Noah bestrides the lofty mountain; the seven-fold plague breaks with renewed fury upon Egypt, and the mother's wailing cry laments the death of her first-born.

In reading history we experience the pleasure realized when looking at some grand panorama. "The Historian" says a recent writer, "pictures to you great epochal events as though they were happenings before your very eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old, to meet

kings and queen and warriors, to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers, to sail the Southern seas with Drake, to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan, to watch that thin line of spearmen work havoc with the Persian hordes on the field of Marathon. The historian carries you through the memorable epochs of the life of Napoleon the Great; you see him on the field of Waterloo, sad and thoughtful, like another Brutus, contemplating suicide; you see him in defeat and disaster driven by a million bayonets; you see him fall an unpitied victim at ambition's shrine; you pause before his grave, a magnificent tomb of dark Egyptian marble, fit to enshrine a demi-god, where rests at last the ashes of the restless man."

It is really ennobling to commune with these children of destiny whose lives give us unmistakable proof of the fickleness of fortune. To be associated with great men and events is to be great oneself, and adds to our store of knowledge and richness of life.

History throws the mantle of personality over the heroes of antiquity. Alexander is there, patriot, warrior, statesman, diplomat, crowning the glory of Grecian history. Xerxes from his mountain platform sees Themistocles smash his Persian fleet of over a thousand sail. Rome perches Nero upon the greatest throne on earth and so sets up a poor madman's name to stand for countless centuries as the synonym of savage cruelty. Napoleon fights Waterloo again under your very eyes and reels before the iron fact that at last the end of his gilded dream has come. Bismark is there, gruff, overbearing, a giant pugilist in the diplomatic ring, laughing with grim disdain at France.

History is not unmindful of the noble deeds of our own dear Southland hero,—our gallant, peerless, immortal Lee. Of him it boasts as the greatest military genius of modern times, and gives him to the world as the most perfect type of the true patriot; of him the Southland Poet sings:



THE JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.

"Ah Muse, you dare not claim
A nobler man than he.
Nor nobler man hath less of blame,
Nor blameless man hath purer name,
Nor purer name hath grander fame,
Nor fame,—another Lee."

A thousand strange spectacles loom up before you as you slowly unfold the pages of history. Some we see hurried by an untoward destiny to a tragic end; while others give to their names the breath of immortality.

Nothing more interesting, absorbing, and inspiring than history was ever written by man. It spurs us on to brave deeds and noble actions. It conduces to the improvement of the heart. It presents for imitation models of courage, of patriotism, probity, disinterestedness, generous sentiments, and heroic actions. That it is moreover a powerful incentive to perseverance, is readily verified by the words of Longfellow:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother
Seeing shall take heart again."

Carey E. McMaster, '08.



The Recompense

It was Christmas eve in the lone light-house. All day long and far into the night, the waves had thundered against the Black Rock Shoals, and the sea was in a wild agony of foam. Out of the east the storm clouds came, numerous and black, and galloped on towards the west in never ending ranks, hiding the moon and the stars. Then the wind grew weird as it crept up the winding staircase. First it was like the quiet breathing of a sleeping child, gradually it increased until it sounded like the howl of a lost soul; a quick sudden piercing shriek and then a long-drawn ghostly moan. All night it blew and in each pause could be heard the answering of the waves, as if the voice of the sea moulded itself after the voice of the wind, a hissing of the waters for every sigh of the wind, and for every shriek a moan from the rising surf.

Sitting and watching from the tower on that Christmas eve were the old light-house keeper and his young daughter. Theirs was a dismal Christmas, dismal—no not dismal. All without 'tis true, was dark and stormy, but deep down in their hearts was that quiet and peace of which the Angels sang years before. No star shone in the heavens but in the depths of their soul gleamed the Star of Bethlehem, the Star of Hope and Love, the Star that has brought relief and consolation to many a bleeding heart.

Silently they watched, for it was on a night like this, that the young girl's brother had gone out to sea never to return, and it was on nights like this that she was wont to think of him and pray for his safety. The old father knew this and in his kindness was wont to leave her in her solitude.

"My God! what's that!" cried the old man suddenly, jumping to his feet, as far above the booming of the waves and the howling of the wind came the signal of distress. "Woe to the ship that rides this gale and God bless the captain that weathers it!" and raising his spy glass he peered out into the stormy darkness.

A flash of lighting—a ship bending to the storm—and darkness again. Flash succeeds flash, with the rapidity of a vitascope, and with each flash new horrors meet his anxious gaze. On! On! towards the dangerous shoals the good ship rides; her canvass rent, her rigging strained, racing with the winds, to the goal of death.

“Quick! Mary! the life boat!” Down the winding stairs and out into the night they rushed—the old man first, the daughter following.

Above the wrath of the Storm King came the sudden crash of the *Mariposa* as she struck the rocks scarce a hundred yards away. The crunching of timber, the groaning of cordage, the death shrieks of the sailors, commingled with the howling of the wind and the surging of the sea.

The commands of the old man were lost but it was a duty of love and Mary understood. Together they gave way and the oars bent in the struggle. Man and the elements battled, and each time the life boat was hurled back to the shore by the fury of the waves, each time was it again launched by man and maid into the boiling sea. Man conquered but by the time the life boat reached the battered hull, all was lost. All? no, for out of the seething foam a hand clutched at the gun-whale, and a young sailor was hauled into the boat.

* * * * *

It was Christmas morning. The storm had abated. On a neat couch lay the unconscious form of the rescued sailor. His eyes opened to find the old light-house keeper bending over him, while in an opposite corner knelt Mary his sister, thanking the Infant Saviour for the recompense.

B. F. Alvarez, '10.



Conservatism Versus Radicalism

In one of his sketchy stories Kipling tells of a Moravian missionary who suffered a signal reverse in his efforts to uplift and convert one of the tribes of India. His failure came about from a rash attempt to promote decency and industry among the natives by clothing their nakedness in home-made garments spun from home-grown fibre. Such a project naturally found opponents among those who clung tenaciously to the easy ways and customs of their ancestors; and when the experiment came to a disastrous end the result was ascribed by the conservative or anti-raiment party to the interference of the gods of things-as-they-are.

As with this heathen tribe of tropical India, so everywhere in the world there is an unceasing contest,—of course we do not speak in a religious sense—between the inertia of existing conditions and the forces that make for advancement, between the sedate worshippers of the gods of things-as-they-are and the restless zealots who profess their faith in the gods of things-as-they-ought-to be. The way of the innovator and reformer is blocked at every step by the noiseless but powerful opposition of existing conditions and those who profit by them.

It is interesting to observe how taste, disposition, character, call it what you will, leads various persons to choose their temple of worship and bow before one or other of these idols. Something old is to be abolished, or something new to be established, and at once sides are taken, views proclaimed, argument and objection passed from side to side. Soon the rival temples have their devoted throngs offering incense at the altar of their predilection. The reasons or interests which decide their choice would afford matter for curious speculation if we could enter their minds as they wend their way to one or the other of these fanes. Justice and right reason are alleged by both parties as the foundation of their attachment, but interest and the traditions imparted in early

years seem to have a more important part in the decision. Intelligence and probity are not confined to any one faction, while greed and hypocrisy are not absent from either side.

The keenest minds and the most stolid may be seen arranged side by side eager and earnest in the common cause. Still there are some general and broad lines of distinction. The temple of the gods of things-as-they-are is a venerable edifice, solid in structure and decently ornate. Its steps are worn smooth by the feet of countless generations, and the lichen and moss cling to the pillars of its time-stained portico. Slow swing its portals on their massy hinges, and they who pass within are for the most part grave in aspect and solemn in carriage.

Youth flocks with noisy cheer to the gilded dome of the newer and more garish temple, whose doors ever stand wide open to all comers. Those who frequent it tell you that its chief attraction is that it is altogether modern. They deride the older temple and its antique memories. Hope is the strength and inspiration of the newer shrine, where the gods of things-as-they-ought-to be receive the vaunting vows and promises of their enthusiastic admirers.

The worshippers of the older temple are contented people who are in the possession and enjoyment of a happy lot, and whose matter-of-fact minds have no yearning after higher things, for "whatever is, is right" is the fundamental truth of their prosy philosophy. The devotees of the other are a restless sect of idealists who are forever seeking stepping-stones to higher things, who "look before and after and sigh for what is not," and who chafe at the limits of the actual and the real. The one party is conservative, the other progressive; the one self-centered, the other disposed to be altruistic; the one good-humored and peaceable, the other dissatisfied and contentious.

And not unfrequently a worshipper transfers his allegiance from one temple to the other, and usually the change is towards the older and more venerable shrine. For things-as-they-ought-to be is a dream of youthful enthusiasts, and with time the dreamer comes to possess or control a share of

things-as-they-are, and so with wiser mind and a dignified and prosperous port he hies himself to offer his devotions to the gods that befriend him, relinquishing the lofty and intangible ideal for the humble but substantial reality.

Either tendency when carried to extremes in human affairs is destructive. Excessive reverence for that which is, merely because it is, brings stagnation and corruption and the votaries of the gods of things-as-they-are live on in purblind ignorance of the losses they sustain, the injustice they commit, and the ruin that is imminent. On the other hand the unreasoning desire of change, the confounding of novelty with progress, the intellectual vanity which denies all wisdom to the past, these are the weaknesses of shallow minds, a mere fungus growth of self-conceit and fickleness of spirit. Not all change is progress, and the impetuous most often destroy what is good without substituting a better.

Francis A. Oliver, '08.

A Song of Sorrow

Ask me not to join in mirth,
Nor lilt the merry song;
A weeping-willow is my heart
That droops the whole day long.

I cannot sigh, I cannot weep,
Though sorrow weighs me down;
Oh! what in life can equal grief
Which tears come not to drown?

I'll seek some gloomy grot afar
To pass my life's sad years,
Till God in pity grant to me
To taste the bliss of tears.

J. O'B.

The Sentinel

The beautiful valley of Lilies is situated in the heart of old Virginia. Two great mountains loom up on either side of it, resembling the huge Titans of old guarding an enchanted land. It truly looked enchanted especially when Spring, the passionate wooer of nature, gently touching the bare trees with his magic wand, made them bloom again. Then it was that Nature, thrilled by the warm touch of the Southern zephyrs, donned her brightest mantle of green, and the silver-throated songsters, hidden in their leafy bowers, filled the vibrant air with their sweetest lays.

In the beautiful valley, the garden spot of Virginia, the stately Loring mansion is situated. It is of the old colonial style. A large veranda in front is shaded by the overhanging branches of the majestic oak. The extensive grounds are studded with every species of flower, the sweetly scented rose and fragrant carnation predominating. The rear is reserved for the large and well kept stables.

The Lorings had occupied this mansion for generations and at the time in which I write Mr. John Loring was holding possession of it. This gentleman had married Miss Mabel Stuart, born of one of the best families in the North. They were the proud possessors of two sons, Sam and Dick, but, sad to relate, these two brothers never did agree; they were in a constant state of quarrel. Be it said, however, to Dick's credit, he was not the cause of these disputes. Sam's arrogant and selfish nature always brought about the quarrel.

At the outbreak of the civil war, opinions were much divided in the Loring family as to which was the right cause. Mrs. Loring and Sam were heart and soul for the North, but Dick and his father were staunch and loyal sons of Dixie.

When the tocsin of the civil war shrieked its shrill summons to arms Dick espoused the glorious Southern cause, with the determination in his heart to fight and die for Dixie. His brother however joined the Union, with a firm resolve to

get even with his younger brother for embracing the Southern cause.

* * * * *

It was night, sad and solemn night; not a sound disturbed the stillness save the occasional hoot of a lonely owl, and the measured tread of the sentinel on his lonely beat. The air was cold and crisp. The pale crescent of the harvest moon flooded the scene with her silvery light, as she glided silently through her heavenly path toward the western hills.

To the weary sentinel it seemed that night would never end; the gruesome forest seemed lonelier tonight than ever before. The most careful observer would not have suspected that the two great armies of the North and South were encamped at close quarters after a day of slaughter.

What a striking contrast to the din and noise of battle, this peaceful quiet! On this very day, only a few hours previously, bloody Mars had enjoyed scenes of carnage and bloodshed; brother fought against brother, and father and son tore at each other's throats.

But to-night peace reigned supreme. The tall trees waved their lazy branches heavenward as if imploring their Maker to check this cruel war.

"Halt! who goes there?" shouts the Southern sentinel as he discerns the dim outline of a soldier advancing through the trees. The approaching figure stopped, a crafty look stole into his eyes, a sneer curled upon his lips. He had recognized the commanding voice; it was his brother's.

Just as his commander had suspected, Sam was to seek his brother's camp, accost him at his post of duty, under the pretense of sad news from home win him into conversation, and then slay him, thereby making an opening through which the Federals might storm the camp.

"Is that you Dick?" was all he said, shrewdly concealing the base desire lurking in his breast. He approached nearer. Dick becoming suspicious of his brother's true motive put himself on his guard.

The Southern sentinel held out his hand and Sam making a pretense to take it whipped out his dagger and made a

vicious lunge at his brother, snarling between his clenched teeth "Now I have you." Seeing the gleam of the naked blade in the moonlight, Dick barely escaped by a quick dodge. Infuriated by his failure Sam turned swiftly around and rushed again at his brother. But Dick was ready and avoiding the mad rush, buried his shining blade deep in his brother's breast.

Without a groan Sam fell, the victim of fratricidal war.

John B. Wogan, '08.



The Butterfly

As a butterfly sat on a flower bright,
As well a butterfly may,
His wings beat time with sheer delight
To the mocking bird's gladsome lay.

The mocker trilled from a live-oak tree,
As only a mocker can sing,
And his eager eye beheld with glee
The glint of the butterfly's wing.

The bright winged fly rose up on high
To applaud the songster's tunes;
And the hungry bird sans tear or sigh
Made a dart at him eftsoons.

The fly is dead, the bird is fed,
But the moral is yet to be;
But think as I may, it must be said,
No moral here can I see.

H. Adams, '09.

A General Outline of Surveying

The B. S. Class of '08 is talking a good deal of the coming pleasure that will fall to their lot while applying the theoretical knowledge they have gathered from the study of trigonometric functions. Surveying is on their brain. No spot on hill or hollow will remain unmolested during their contemplated excursions.

Curiosity prompted me to look into the matter a little more closely and after reading about the subject I came to the following conclusions:

Surveying is an art which, although it is extensively used now-a-days, is by no means of modern invention. It has existed from ancient times. The Romans, Greeks, and Egyptians of old had their peculiar manner of surveying; this is evident from Ancient History and is vouched for by the most noted mathematicians. The Bible, too, gives striking indications of the existence, at that remote period, of surveying. It is true that among the ancients the instruments were not as many nor as precise, nor was their knowledge as complete, as at the present time. Nevertheless our stately mansion of to-day is, as it were, the completed building—the foundation and frame-work of which are the works of those mathematicians of long ago.

As defined by Wentworth, "Surveying is the art of determining and representing distances, areas, and the relative position of points on the earth's surface." Therefore, according to the many different objects on the earth's surface,—e. g., mountains, lakes, valleys,—surveying contains many classes. However the classification is generally into three branches, namely: 1. Plane and Goedetic Surveying; 2. Land, Topographic, Hydrographic and Mine Surveying; and 3. Rectangular and Triangular Surveying. The ones most commonly used are Plane, Goedetic and Land Surveying. In Plane surveying the portion of the earth's surface surveyed is looked upon as a plane, whereas in Goedetic surveying the

surface is considered as it really exists in nature, i. e., either hilly or level. Land surveying deals with boundary lines, areas and maps.

Now that the classification has been made, we shall take note of some of the advantages of surveying. As an economiser of time and labor it will never be equalled. For, should one start out to measure with tapes alone a widespread area containing swamps, marshes, rivers, or lakes, he would find it almost impossible; moreover the time and exertion spent on the task would be very great indeed. But on the other hand scientific surveying enables one to measure the same lands without necessarily crossing a lake or river to find its breadth: thus surveying qualifies us to do work in a comparatively short lapse of time. And clearly the less time and labor the less expense.

Surveying was above defined as an art. Not only is it an art but it is ranked among the most scientific arts. I may even go farther and safely declare that it is the most scientific occupation of the present period. Being a science does not mean that surveying is a complicated and obscure study; on the contrary it is a clear, interesting study. Besides possessing the above named qualities surveying has this advantage, that it has mostly to deal with tracts of land. In this manner the surveyor has, besides a change from office work, open air exercise which is invigorating.

As was mentioned, surveying is a science which eliminates all useless labor in its own sphere. The whole science properly includes only three operations which must be understood very thoroughly. These three are termed Field measurement, Computation, and Plotting. The first, Field measurement, is the obtaining of certain angles and lines by measurements. In this step the instruments are mostly employed. Computation, the next step, is the finding by formulae the parts which are required, namely the parts which were not measured. Lastly the Plotting is the drawing of the lines and angles of the field, stream, hill, or whatever object was measured. In the plan, the outcome of the third step, the lines and angles bear the same proportions to one another

as that of the lines and angles of the thing surveyed. This is really the whole knowledge of surveying with, of course, a knowledge of the instruments or else we could determine no angles.

An interesting point in our study is the fact that not only is surveying a science of measuring parts of the earth but properly the whole earth. By it was determined the circumference of our globe. This was first attempted in 273 B. C., by Eratosthenes, a Greek mathematician. He measured an arc of the earth's circumference and from that attempted to calculate the circumference itself which, at that time, it was supposed, would never be accurately defined.

Military manoeuvres are now greatly advanced by surveying. The distance and heights of forts can be reckoned from a safe distance. It is an essential part in the construction of bridges across rivers of appreciable breadth, and also in the laying of railroads. It has many other uses—in fact so many that it is folly to begin enumerating them.

The instruments employed in surveying are numerous owing to its many applications. However, they are simple enough to be easily understood. In field work the instruments most common are the compass, level, and transit; whereas in office work the protractor, hair-spring divider, and compass, together with drawing instruments and materials, are the chief tools. Each of these has many species which differ slightly on account of the distinct natures of the work done.

Surveying is an excellent study even should we have no intention of making it a means of livelihood. As a mind trainer it can never be surpassed. In the course of our life we will find it necessary to do some jobs of our own and these are rendered tenfold easier by retaining ideas of our former learning; for surveying gives us a knack of applying the proper formulas, formulas which abolish much useless exertion. But, besides being a mind trainer, surveying is a safe resource of income. Having once laid a solid foundation of the study it has a firm grip in the mind and is not easily forgotten. We must of course refresh our memory by reviewing its princi-



OUT SURVEYING.



ples, but such review means no more than a week's study. Day after day we see and hear of unfortunates on whom Fate has, without least warning, marked the words 'begin again.' Her victims are many; she seems to choose the most unexpected; and, on those who have resources in their brain, she generally bestows a gracious smile as they steadily struggle to regain their lost treasures. The practical surveyor has one sure resource against the fickleness of Fortune.

J. Edw. Deegan, '08.



The Chimney-Sweep and the Mirror

There runs a story quaint and queer
Anent a chimney-sweep,
From which an introspective mind
Rich store of truth may reap.

One day a chimney-sweep sat down
Before a looking-glass,
Amazed was he and grim his frown
At what there came to pass.

"O what a smuttied face I see!"
He cried in accents wild,
"That face, that wretch is not like me,
I am not thus defiled!

"I'll break this useless, brazen glass
Which beards me to my face,
For clear I see what's come to pass—
There's lying in the case!"

He flung the mirror on the floor—
There but remained the traces;
"'Tis well," quoth he, "'twill lie no more,
Nor make such mock grimaces."

Then glad at heart he rushes forth,
And to the street betakes him,
But in his hurry bumps against
A friend and sadly shakes him.

His friend, enwrath at such embrace,
Returned him this salute:
"Your face is like the ace of Spades;
Beware the small boys' hoot."

"Then what the mirror said was true,
And I am wrong for once;
In sooth, I ought to hide myself
For being such a dunce."

And straight he went and washed away
Of soot and smut each trace;
He found the glass had told the truth,
But said it to his face!

Moral.

How oft against our honest friends
Our wrath and vengeance rise,
Because forsooth, they hold the glass
Of Truth before our eyes!

Eyon.



STATUE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
Erected by the Faculty and Students in 1856
Destroyed by Storm September 27, 1906



STATUE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
Erected by the Faculty and Students in 1904

Jesus Quo Sanguine Creti

Verses read on the occasion of the elevation of the New Orleans Mission
to the rank of a Province of the Society of Jesus,

August 15, 1907

His task is done. With sun-browned hands
The Reaper leans upon his scythe;
And glad surveys his toiling bands
A-harvesting, while songsters blithe
Their vesper thrill,
Full chorused by the tinkling rill.
The tasseled sheaves are bound,
And plenty smiles around.
"Why, Toiler, on thy drooping brow
Flits that shadow now?"
And the reaper sighs, "How many in the mead,
Reap not the harvest who have cast the seed."

Into the haven there across the bar,
Its canvass rent, from isles afar,
With battered hull and twisted spar, with bales
Of costly freight the good ship sails.
A friend greets friend, and Joy succeeds to Fear

And Love's mute language speaks—a tear!
While ring the shouts, while joy bell peals
Over the Pilot's soul a sadness steals.
For many a one greets not the longed-for shore,
Who billow and wave and storm-wrack bore.
“Home, O my Ship, thy heroes dost not bring,
For the wind and the wave their requiem sing.”

With beating drums, with trumpet blare,
With flashing steel up yon rock-ribbed height,
Like swirling flame, like lions from their lair,
Those heroes dash. So giants fight!
Down, down before them reel the foe,
As smitten with a thunder-blow,
And from the walls a blood-stained flag unfurled,
Tells of the foeman from the bastions hurled.
But the Captain thinks of his dead who rest
On the slope below with riven breast,
For if beams of glory round his standard play,
'Tis those lifeless hands that bore it in the fray.

Ours is the Harvest but the seed was sown
By hands far sturdier than our own;
Our good Ship sails into the haven fair,
But stouter Pilots guided it there:
Victory's lustre o'er our banner is shed,
But the Battle was won by our noble dead.

John C. Reville S. J.

War's Tribute

All was bustle and excitement in the little town of Portland. President McKinley's call for volunteers had been carried into the heart of our Southern land, and every true son of Dixie answered to this call with the same eagerness as their fathers had answered and espoused the glorious Lost Cause some forty years before. At every turn could be seen men in blue hurrying to bid their friends and relatives a fond farewell.

Just such a scene I beheld on the doorsteps of an humble, vine-trellised and pretty little cottage as I hurried along viewing the bustle with a heart heavy and longing to enter my name also upon the increasing list of volunteers, for my years had forbidden me.

George Harris, a noble upright lad of twenty, hardly yet a man, with his dark brown eyes and his silk wavy hair of black, lingered a moment on his doorstep and gave a last embrace to his mother, who was sobbing with grief at the parting. Her husband was dead, and now her only son was going away to the war in Cuba. George, although not in duty bound to join the ranks, for there were many, very many others, from the remotest corners of our broad land as eager as he to go, who wished as he to share in his country's glory, and to answer the voice of his country's need, departed.

She watched with a mother's pride his soldierly strides and she thought how tall and straight he was, and how broad his shoulders. Then as the thought rushed upon her that she had seen him perhaps for the last time she broke down completely. For a long time she wept, as only a mother can who has lost the son upon whom she looked as the one who would make smooth to her feet the pathway through her declining years to the grave.

Across the street a silver-throated mocker perched on the bough of an elm filled the air with his sweet song.

* * * * *

"Lieutenant Harris take your men and drive those Spaniards from that clump of trees."

He needed no directions. Where some would have lost time asking questions as to where to attack and how, he merely saluted, and rode away to where his little troop stood beside their horses laughing and joking as ever. Their cheerful manner of rushing headlong into danger had earned them the name of "Reckless Riders." As is always the case with reckless people their good luck was proverbial and they had lost not a single man since the active encounters. So with a swinging gallop they came thundering down the little thicket.

They were received with such a rain of bullets that all who saw the charge expected that they would be annihilated instantly. But when the first volley ceased, although several horses were down, the men rose to their feet and rushed onward. All but one; George Harris, the bravest lieutenant on the Island, was down to rise no more. His brain had been pierced with a bullet and death had come instantaneously. The Spaniards were dislodged from their position but the gain was not equal to the loss. His comrades bore him sadly to his tent, and the next day buried him with full military honors. They wrapped him in his soldier's shroud.

As the soft strains of the bugle floated afar over the hills and the rifles barked thrice over his grave, not one present could repress a tear.

It is beyond our power to picture in words the scene when George's poor heart-stricken mother was apprised of her idol's sad death. O war! that cruel monster who sucks the warm blood from youthful veins and hastens to a premature grave the sorrowing mother through anguish of soul and bitterness of grief!

But, noble woman that she was, her great soul rose superior to her grief. She devoted her life to the care of the wounded soldiers during the remainder of the war, and was as much beloved of the soldiers as the Sisters of Charity themselves.

Albert J. Danos, '08.

A Shady Criticism

Extract from the Exchange Department of the Ebonhurst College Monthly, the same being the criticism of Miss Eulalia Johnson, editor of that department, of a poem entitled the "Somnambulist," published in the November issue of the Lake Villa Sentinel, and written by Mr. Vergil Penrose of Lake Villa Seminary: "It is seldom that we are furnished with such a treat as the 'Somnambulist.' Of all the poems we have read in college magazines this year, the one of Mr. Penrose excels by far. The lines are in choice metre remarkably well adapted to the nature of the poem and they have a ring that savors of the masters. The ending of the piece is especially praiseworthy, if a little sad, and is in our opinion the most artistic part of the poem. The entire piece, however, is of the highest possible order and shows a well developed faculty for the muse. We will anxiously look forward to more work from the gifted Mr. Penrose."

Letter from Mr. Vergil Penrose, contributor to the Lake Villa Sentinel, to Miss Eulalia Johnson, Exchange Editor of the Ebonhurst College Monthly:

Lake Villa Seminary, Minden, Ontario, Dec. 5, 1904.

Dear Miss Johnson:—

You will doubtless think me a presumptuous idiot for writing this letter to you, but when you know the circumstances, which I claim as extenuating, I am confident you will pardon my seeming impertinence.

I am writing to thank you for your very favorable criticism and kindly encouraging remarks on my poem, the "Somnambulist," published in the November issue of the Sentinel. During my two years at Lake Villa I have written considerably for our magazine and in all that time yours has been the one decent criticism of my work. Often have I looked in the exchanges hoping to see some appreciative remarks concerning my articles, but until the arrival of the last Monthly from Ebonhurst, I was doomed to disappointment.

I had made up my mind that if the 'Somnambulist' was not more favorably received than my former offerings I would drop writing for good. You can understand then my sentiments toward you. You have saved me from discouragement and put me again on the road to success with a new hope to buoy me up. I thank you with all my heart for your kind criticism and assure you that you can never realize how much good you have done me.

Again asking you not to judge me too harshly for what you may consider a very foolish action, I beg to remain, -

Your grateful servant,

Vergil Penrose.

Letter of Miss Eulalia Johnson to Mr. Vergil Penrose:

Ebonhurst College,

Ebonhurst, Mich, Dec. 9, 1904.

Dear Friend:—

For I sincerely trust you will allow me to address you thus and to become in very truth your friend. Your letter far from angering me was a source of much enjoyment, inasmuch as I am always pleased to be able to assist any one in distress, especially such a charming young man as I am confident Mr. Vergil Penrose is. No one but an ideal gentleman, could to my mind have composed the 'Somnambulist.' I am overjoyed to know that my poor criticism, so inadequate to express the real worth of your poem, was the means of so much good. I feel greatly honored that it is I who have been the instrument of inspiring new courage in you. That you are to continue writing for your magazine is a blessing that I am confident the editors of the Sentinel are grateful for. Do not worry about the exchange editors; most of them are so careless in their work that they do not bother themselves to study the merits of real poetry. No matter what the others may say about your labor, rest assured that it will always be appreciated and looked forward to with pleasure, by one who is happy to sign herself,

Your friend,

Eulalia Johnson.

Letter from Mr. Vergil Penrose to Miss Eulalia Johnson:

Lake Villa Seminary,
Minden, Ontario, Dec. 13, 1904.

Dear Friend:

I cannot tell you with what unbounded pleasure I received your epistle. I had not anticipated an answer to my letter and when yours came my joy was complete. Not for one moment did I imagine you would take the trouble to write to me. When I wrote you I was following an impulse of thankfulness which caused me to feel an unspeakable gratitude to you for your encouragement. By writing to me you make me doubly your debtor.

I first learned today that you are from the city I claim as my home—dear old Detroit. You are doubtless going home for the holidays, and this fact, coupled with our both living in the same town, makes me so bold as to ask permission to call on you while home. I am fully aware that this request of mine is positively unorthodox and against every rule of etiquette, but I am desperate and again throw myself on your mercy. Please answer me by return mail! I pray that your reply may be favorable and that you will not crush my presumptuousness by a negative response.

I am writing this in a hurry to get it off on to-night's train as I hope to have your answer before the eighteenth, the date on which we leave.

Waiting in agonizing suspense, I remain,
Your suppliant,

Vergil.

P. S.—If you reply favorably don't forget to give your exact address.

Telegram from Miss Eulalia Johnson, to Mr. Vergil Penrose:

"Wish you to call. Address 371 Ashland Place."

(Signed) Eulalia.

Letter from Mr. Vergil Penrose, to his chum, Mr. Earl Carew of Boston, Mass.:

1617 Park Ave.,

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 26, 1904.

Dear Earl:—

Just a few lines to confide a secret, old man. It is worrying me to death to have to keep such a good joke on the q. t. so I decided to write and tell you. I can't say anything to Sis, or the boys; in either case it would spread and I would never hear the conclusion. But you— — — — well, we've been chums so long I know you are safe.

You recall the Miss Eulalia Johnson I wrote you about, and the little romance that was budding? Well, I have been stung again and worse than ever before. Yesterday afternoon, (Xmas Day) with a package under my arm, a present for the fair? Eulalia, (never mind what it was or how much it cost) I hunted up 371 Ashland Place. As per expectation, I found it in a pretty fashionable neighborhood. I ascended the broad white steps of the house and nervously rang the bell. You can imagine how I was feeling. Expectation had keyed me up to the point where the nerve tension is so great that those delicate sinews are liable to snap any moment. I had all sorts of visions of the editor of the Ebonhurst Monthly. I had dreamt about her, pictured her as a blonde, a brunette, and Lord knows what not, always strikingly beautiful however. In fine I was badly smitten without ever having seen the girl. Well, what is the use of prolonging the agony? But oh! Shade of Othello! How can I ever tell you the climax? The door was opened (that generally follows after you ring a doorbell, you know) and upon my inquiring for Miss Johnson, the negro butler led me into the parlor. So far nothing unusual. Things happened quickly thereafter, however. In about thirty seconds I heard the rustle of skirts and turned to see advancing towards me a young negro servant woman. She was flashily dressed, and this puzzled me. Her first words dispelled the surprise, or rather added to it.

"I am Miss Johnson" she said, "have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Penrose?" Well, I guess she did have the pleasure, if I looked any way near as crestfallen as I felt. To

say I was stunned would be letting me off easy. My brain became clogged and I couldn't think of a thing to say that would extricate me from the awful position. When I bolted for the door I believe I did the wisest thing possible. No other expedient presented itself.

I brought the present back and gave it to Sis, and she says I am the dearest brother she ever had (which is quite true as I am the only one) for being so kind and thoughtful as to buy her such a beautiful present.

Now you have the history of my romance. Laugh to your heart's content; I have already done the same. But never peach, old man! If you do you forfeit forever the friendship of

Your chum,

Vergil Penrose.

Sam'l Kelly, '09.



Fortune Favors the Brave

"Paper sir! Paper sir!" echoed a shrill voice at the corner of Royal and Dauphin. It was that of Harry Gormann, a newsboy.

His appearance demanded a tribute of sympathy. He was meanly clad: a tattered coat hung loosely upon his shoulders; a pair of time-worn shoes, many sizes too large, dangled on his feet; a dirty cap sat indifferently upon his tousled, unkempt, raven locks; and the many motley patches in his 'pants' made it impossible to determine their original color.

This apparent irregularity of costume Harry heeded not,

for such was the lot of honestly befallen poverty. But his heart was weighed down with insurmountable grief. His father had lately died, and an aged mother and her child depended helplessly upon him for support.

Harry soon saw the necessity of going to work. His little sister, and his mother wrinkled with age and care and burdened with sorrows, must be provided for. He was bread and butter to them. Unable to find employment in the various departments of trade and industry of the city, Harry displayed a manly courage, and adopted the unenviable life of a newsboy for the maintenance of his family.

Thus they lived on for a time, happy even in their indigence, until the increasing infirmities of old age confined the mother to bed. Harry could now no longer lean upon her for any help, and a still greater responsibility fell to his lot.

* * * * *

It was a raw and gusty day. A drizzling rain pattered on the sidewalk with measured beat; a piping North-wind whistled across the streets. Harry stood at the corner, a bunch of papers tucked under his arm, his eyes cast despondently downward.

"A scanty supper indeed we will have tonight" said Harry, looking at his unsold papers. Then shrugging his shoulders he took a deep long breath and started down the street.

"Evening Papers! Papers!!" Harry had uttered this oft-repeated exclamation for the last time and even now it remained unfinished on his lips, when the shout of "A runaway! A runaway!" and the clattering of hoofs, the shrieks of women, the cries of men and the rattling of wheels attracted his attention. At some distance away Harry beheld a lad of some twelve summers vainly endeavoring to curb the mad rush of a pony which came thundering down the street. The little trap swayed from side to side and seemed ready at any moment to dash its occupants upon the pavement. The little girl sitting beside the lad in the trap had swooned and her golden hair streamed to the wind.

Harry took in the situation at a glance. As the pony ap-

proached men cleared out of his way; old women from half-drawn curtains peeped outside; Harry threw down his papers and stood on the alert, a spirit of determination beaming from his eyes. The pony wheeled by. Quick as lightning Harry sprang to the bridle, caught it and clung thereto with lion-like tenacity.

All efforts to check the madly rushing pony were fruitless. Harry tried another plan. He released his hold of the bridle, and threw his entire weight upon the partly broken shafts. A crash was heard! The shafts gave way under the weight of his body, and the children's lives were saved at the peril of his own.

The pony rushed on and at last halted before the gate of Mr. Williams, the father of the children, who had gone out on their usual evening ride. His presence outside the gate with the broken shafts brought many sad misgivings to Mr. Williams, who hastily went out in quest of his injured children, as he thought.

Men thronged around the young hero who lay unconscious on the ground, bleeding from several bruises. Mr. Williams, the father of the rescued children, full of excitement, had rushed upon the scene, and was now leaning over the boy, who had so heroically saved the lives of his dear children.

The ambulance came and Harry was borne to the hospital, where he was placed under the best medical care. He remained in a delirious state that whole evening and the words "mother" and "sister" were the only ones that ever escaped his lips that entire time. This long continued repetition of the words "mother" and "sister" suggested to Mr. Williams, who still lingered by his bed-side, to visit the young hero's mother.

Ere the golden sun had sent its great red disc to crimson glory beyond the western horizon, Mr. Williams sat in the presence of an elderly lady at whose side knelt a pretty young child, shivering with cold for want of comfortable clothing. Mr. Williams soon prevailed upon Harry's mother to come to his home where she might better spend her waning years.

He then made known to her in consoling words the sad accident with which her boy had met. She bore it with remarkable courage and with the true spirit of Christian resignation.

In the afternoon of the following day a private cab drove up to the hospital, and two persons of graceful and dignified carriage stepped out, followed by two children each carrying a large bouquet of flowers. It was Mr. Williams and his little family, who had come to visit Harry.

They were admitted into the young hero's room. He had regained consciousness and was now able to converse. The two children ran to his bedside and gave him the flowers they had gladly brought to him.

Harry was happy beyond expression to learn that his mother now shared the hospitality of Mr. Williams' roof.

Among those most concerned in Harry's recovery was the little girl, who owed her life to him. She was always glad to accompany the father whenever he visited the young boy.

The best medical attention in conjunction with the prayers of a grateful family secured for Harry a speedy recovery. In a few weeks he was toddling about the grounds of Mr. Williams' beautiful mansion. He soon endeared himself, by his winning disposition and cheerfulness of manners, to the entire household; especially to the young girl to whom he had become a fast friend.

Harry entered Mr. Williams' office as a petty clerk, but being possessed of a noble character and ambitious disposition, he was promoted to higher positions. He worked hard by day and studied by night for self-improvement, and by these habits of industry gained the good will of his employer.

The confidence reposed in Harry was not misplaced and as years rolled by he became the partner of Mr. Williams.

We leave it to our readers to finish the story. Their judgment will lead them to end the story as it ought to end, and actually did end, in *Marriage Bells*.

Carey E. McMaster, '08.

The Compact

It was the annual banquet of the Senior Class of Spring Hill College; the year matters not, for it was very long ago; the place Mobile. There were eleven in the class; all young, bright and jovial. It was the custom in those days to have the graduates' banquet on Commencement night and now on the last day of their college lives, with the long black hands of the clock in the old Battle House pointing to twelve, the eleven companions were enjoying what was probably their last meal together. Theirs had been a care-free existence; not one of the class was addicted to the blues, but now their mirth had departed or what there was of it appeared forced and unnatural. The thought of their long association was in each mind, and eleven hearts were gnawed by the pangs of an early separation.

The dinner was almost over, and the boys, or rather men, for so they seemed now with their thoughtful looks and sober faces, had suddenly become quiet. They gazed about at one another and smiled faint, sad smiles. On every countenance was a perceptible sorrow and every brow was raised in the question: "Shall we all ever be together again after this night?"

Wharton had always been the emergency man of the class. Not a scrape had the bunch been in but their leader's fertile brain had extricated them or at least minimized their guilt. He was known by the class as Johnny-on-the-spot, despite his protestations that his name was Dave and not Johnny. So the other ten looked at their leader now, as he sat at the head of the table, with his head bowed thoughtfully and his chin resting in his palm.

For once that gifted brain could find no expedient to assist the class. He knew what was in each mind and he half blamed them for being so unreasonable as to expect so much of him, and half blamed himself for being unable to meet their demand. He rose to make a farewell speech, an informal valedictory, not

that this would entirely remedy the difficulty but because it was the best thing he could think of. He had never been known to lack wit and humor and his sparkling sallies had been the talk of Spring Hill for six years. Now he determined to put his powers to the best use and if possible chase away the gloom which had settled over them all. It is no easy matter to be funny when you do not feel at all inclined to levity and to be humorous in a parting address, of all things, is especially hard.

As Wharton rose and faced the ten, he thought of their long years together and a lump welled up in his throat that bade fair to cut off all effort at speech-making. He glanced over the heads of his companions, at the pictures of former Spring Hill graduating classes hung around the walls, for this was a room especially reserved for the college festivities. As his eyes wandered around the apartment, a bright thought came to his mind. Looking down at them he smiled confidently and the boys knew that Dave still had one trick left to play on this, the last night of their Spring Hill careers.

"Well, boys," he began, "I was afraid when I rose just now that I was going to fail you in this crisis. I've always had the reputation with you fellows of doing the proper thing at the proper time, and had I not suddenly become persuaded otherwise, I fear I should have been shedding tears now, in the deluded belief that if not exactly the correct thing, it was about the only one remaining. But I don't favor crying, fellows. The tears would most likely spoil the wine, despite the fact that Horace assures us they mixed sea water with it in the olden days. We'll have ours' 'maris experts,' eh boys! and besides I've thought of something better than diluting wine."

A sudden metamorphosis had taken place, and ten smiling classmen were now waiting in eager expectancy for Wharton's next words.

"As I glanced over you fellows' heads just now" he went on, "my eyes rested on the pictures on the wall yonder and an inspiration came to me. Say boys!" he bent forward to-

ward them, his face a-glow with excitement. "Why should this be our last dinner together? Is a six years friendship to be thus torn asunder by a few moments' farewell? No, boys, we can't have it this way! God knows my life will be void if you fellows go out of it for good to-night, and I believe the rest of you feel the same way. But there is no reason why this should be the case. All of you can afford it, so why not meet here every year in the old Battle House? We could come down every twelvemonth, about Commencement time and have a class reunion; we could do this until we have all passed away, and after that" a smile wreathed his lips, "well, we'd have changed the place of meeting, that's all."

Everybody agreed to Wharton's proposition. Year after year the class was to meet on the eighteenth of June, at the Battle House in Mobile. Should a member die, the others would continue to meet, and no matter how few they became, eleven places should always be set at the meetings. This should continue until only one remained, and he should dine alone, but only once. After that the compact was to be considered at an end.

Then they took to guessing who would be the first to be absent from one of the banquets and who would celebrate the last one, and when all had made vain conjectures on the result and mutually pledged themselves to the agreement, they separated.

* * * * *

Sixty-three years had passed since that strange compact had been sealed by a first meeting, and now after seeing his companions drop off one by one, all faithful to the end, the eleventh man, old, feeble, and decrepit, sat alone at the head of the oaken table in the "Spring Hill Room" of the Battle House. It was Dave Wharton. Not the Dave of old, with his ready repartee, handsome face and sunny smiles, but a wrinkled, withered, snowy-headed patriarch, around whose bent form, four score odd winters had stormed and whirled. But there was something in the face that still bespoke the jollity of Wharton of Spring Hill; and the kindness.

He looked around at the ten empty places, and his old

eyes swam with tears, the first they had known for years. The room became vague and blurred before him and the ten upturned plates danced little fantastic dances on the spotless table-coth. He bowed his head on his arm and a bitter sob of lonely and forlorn old age escaped him. Then he became suddenly still.

He looked up, and fell back nervously in his seat, for there sitting before him were his lost companions, not as he had last seen them but as he had known them out at old Spring Hill. Involuntarily he rose to his feet; they smiled, he smiled in return and, reassured, he sat down again. He scanned each face eagerly and his eyes noticed in them no change. There, on his left was little John Gordon, the Beau Brummel of the class, as faultlessly attired as ever. And next to him Morrison of football fame, and in the chair at the right of his own Valentine, the baseball player, and ah! yes! down at the lower end was Berkner; poor Berkner, the kid of the class, and the first one who had missed a banquet.

"That was hard luck Bobby," Wharton wheezed consolingly, but the other did not answer. Then the old man's gaze wandered over the others, and all the while his mind was rehearsing the old scenes of their Spring Hill days. Finally the figures rose and coming over to him one by one, they grasped his hand, wrung it heartily and departed. Not one of them, during the whole time, had spoken, and as the last one stood on the threshold, Dave cried out to him.

"Bobby! Bobby! For God's sake, call them back, won't you old man? Don't let them go away and leave me. Oh Lord! You don't know how lonesome it is, Bobby. Tell them to come back and speak to me. To come back and talk over old days. O Bobby! Don't go!" The door closed, and the old man sobbed.

Then he awoke, sat bolt upright and looked around. Only a dream!

"But no" he repeated to himself "it was more than a dream. The boys were really with me to-night."

He departed shortly after, and the compact was broken forever.

Sam'l Kelly, '09.



ST. CHARLES' COLLEGE, GRAND COTEAU, LA.

Erected 1837.

Destroyed by fire 1907.



The Prince and the Violet

AN APOLOGUE.

Once there was a prince that went out into his orchard to look at the trees. First he came to an apple-tree and asked: "What dost thou do for me?" The tree answered: "In the springtime I fill the air with the fragrance of my blossoms, and then I send forth ripe fruit which is put on your table."

"Well done," answered the prince and passed on into the woods.

Here he paused and to a chestnut-tree said, "What dost thou do for me?" "I shelter the horses and cattle with my spreading boughs, and in the summer I bear nuts for the squirrels that dwell in my hollows, and for any one that wants them," was the answer.

Next he stopped in a meadow and said to the blades of grass, "What do you do for me?" "I feed the horses and cows, and do this that you may have butter and milk, as well as a steed to ride in parades," was the reply that the meadow made.

On his way home the prince happened to see a little violet by the dusty roadside, and he said to it: "What dost thou do for me?" "I can do nothing," answered the violet, "because I cannot send any fruit into the castle for you to eat, nor can I shade the cows and horses, nor can I nourish them. All that I can do is to keep still and try to be the best little violet in the world; and in my humble way brighten the pathway of the prince who is speaking to me."

"Well done," answered the prince. "You are the best of all," and with that he knelt down and lifting the violet, root and all, he took it with him and planted it in the garden of his castle.

A. R. Turregano, 2nd. English.

The Lost Trail

On one of those sultry, blistering days in the deserts of Southern Arizona, when the scorching rays of the sun beat fiercely down upon the shimmering sands, a horseman attired in the typical garb of a frontiersman, but whose fair features indicated that he was not inured to the hardships of the desert, could be seen riding slowly and aimlessly through the endless waste. He looked weary and toil-spent from exposure and hunger. His very mustang, too, staggered and stumbled under his load.

The rider lifting his aching head glanced about him. A misty haze hung before his eyes for a moment and vanished. Again he gazed across the glistening sands. To the north and south nothing but the endless desert met his eye; to the east, however, he beheld on the horizon, a small black cloud, which, to his weary eyes, grew larger and larger until it suddenly assumed the shape of a glorious oasis.

With a cry of joy he nearly toppled from the saddle. Spurring his jaded horse, he rode frantically onward, but to his great chagrin, the cloud suddenly faded away, and once more nothing but the dark hazy object confronted him. Bewildered and anguish-tossed he halted. His frenzied eyes had merely witnessed a mirage—one of those illusions that often perplex the desert traveler.

His head drooped lightly on the mustang's neck and for some time he moaned: "Water! water." Raising his head to survey once more the wild waste, he saw a dark speck, that slowly moved towards him. Ah! is this too a delusion, this a mirage? No, for as the speck came nearer, he plainly discerned the outlines of two horsemen. He could hardly control himself. So intense was his joy that he was about to leap down from his saddle and rush to meet them. He wildly threw his hands into the air and even tried to shout with the fond hope of attracting their attention. But they must have

observed him, for they galloped forward in full career, and in a short time reached his side.

One was a tall young Mexican dressed in his native costume. His companion, who was slightly smaller in stature, had the appearance of a ranchman.

"Pedro, give him your canteen," said the latter. "He looks exhausted, and I would take an oath on it, he hasn't tasted water for a long time." Pedro complied, and soon the suffering ranchman revived somewhat.

"I am very grateful to you, friends," he said, speaking slowly and with effort. "I had lost my way in the desert, while returning to my ranch, and but for your kind assistance, I am sure that ere many hours my bones would lie unburied on the sand. Friends, if you will but listen, I will relate to you my story."

Here he stopped and leaned wearily on the saddle. A little further rest and refreshment enabled him to speak more easily, and he satisfied the curiosity of his rescuers by telling them of the mishaps which had befallen him.

"About two years ago," he said, "I left college to make my way in the world. True, I could have lived in comfort all my life, as my father had given me a large income, but I was anxious to experience something of the world. So taking with me a small sum I left the comforts and pleasures of a happy home to join in the struggle for existence. I came west and entered into partnership with a thriving ranchman. I prospered in the business and accumulated a small fortune.

But on returning to the ranch one evening, I was greatly surprised and mystified to discover that my partner had disappeared. I waited some days for his return, thinking that he had perhaps visited a neighboring ranch to barter steers. But as one day and then another had passed and still he failed to return, I decided to go in search of him. After many days of tedious riding through gorges and endless tracts of burning sand, I finally came across his crumbling bones lying by a deserted trail. He had probably wandered off in search of stray cattle, and, becoming lost in the great canyon, had, after intense suffering, perished. I was much moved by the sight,

and bidding a fond farewell to the remains of my faithful partner, started on my return journey to the ranch.

As I rode through the dismal canyon I sadly reflected on my partner's untimely end. So engrossed was I in my pensive thoughts, that I failed to note that my horse had taken the wrong trail. When I aroused myself from my meditations, I was very much surprised and alarmed to find myself far away from the trail, and darkness fast approaching. I wandered aimlessly through the burning sands for two days and nights. Soon hunger overtook me, and as my canteen became empty I felt the torturing pangs of thirst. To-day as a strange dizziness and weakness possessed me, I thought I would never again see home and kindred, for I know that I would not be able to survive many hours without succor. Well, friends, I have told you my story and"—but the words died on his parched lips as he gulped convulsively and sank into unconsciousness.

When he awoke, he found himself lying on a large comfortable bed. The morning sunlight was peeping through the half-closed shutters and dancing gaily on the carpeted floor. As he raised his aching head to look about him, strange recollections flashed through his brain. He was lying in his own bed at the ranch.

H. A. O'Connell, '10.



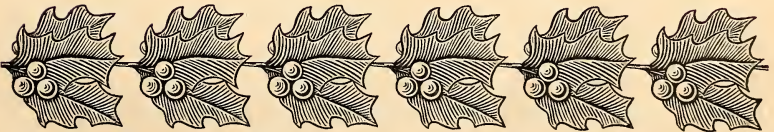


Winter's Realm

In boreal land,
With icy hand,
The tyrant Winter holds command.
O'er snow-capped steeps
The cold sun creeps;
In frozen mold dead Nature sleeps.

There sleigh bells ring,
Here wild birds sing
That from the glacial North took wing;
Nor blight can come,
Nor leaden gloom
Where palm and oleander bloom.

H. Adams, '09.



The Whole Man

Address by Very Rev. Father Twellmeyer, S. J., President of
Spring Hill College at the Graduation Exercises

June 19, 1907.

Rev. Fathers, Members of the Faculty, Young Gentlemen of
the graduating classes of '07, Ladies and Gentlemen:

To-day Spring Hill College closes another chapter in her long eventful history. Enjoying the distinction of being the first permanent institution of learning to open its doors to Southern youth after the departure of royal rule from the land, she has for seventy-seven years held her position with honor and success in the forefront of the onward march and progress of Southern educational establishments.

For seventy-seven years, in spite of innumerable difficulties, Spring Hill College has, with untiring energy and indefatigable devotedness, been realizing in her work the high ideals of the Rt. Reverend Bishop Portier, her illustrious and magnanimous founder.

In the mind of this truly great and holy man, Spring Hill College was to be a home of religion and learning—an institution of higher education in the truest sense. His hope was that the college founded by him should be for all time the Alma Mater of sons who would go forth from her fostering care into the busy, tumultuous, work-a-day world, strong in character and cultured in mind, to do bravely and nobly for the cause of God and country. Such Spring Hill has been in the past and such she will continue to be, her influence ever widening, her advantages ever increasing as time goes on.

"The system of education carried out at Spring Hill College is that which has stood the test of time and proved its virtue in the distinguished men whose character it has done so much to form; in its application of sound educational principles it is that peculiar to Jesuit colleges since the days of St. Ignatius

Loyola, modified and adapted without change in essentials to the advantages which it has been so potent in bringing about. Jesuit colleges, in their system of education, do not forget that education differs essentially from instruction—that its office is not so much to fill the memory with facts, or the understanding with knowledge, as to develop the faculties of the mind and to prepare them for the work of life. They also recognize that the bad passions must be repressed, lest they blast the budding promise; that the virtues must be cultivated which will adorn the character, ennoble every energy and secure man's happiness both here and hereafter.

“Education on these principles is education indeed; and those who avail themselves to the full of such a system of education are the best fitted for citizenship, learning thoroughly to recognize and be able to fulfill their duty to God, to their fellow men and to their country.”

True and solid education, such as this is the only remedy for the growing indifferentism in matters religious of the age—for its radical, socialistic and materialistic tendencies. For just as you cannot make an artist without teaching him art, nor a musician without teaching him music, nor a philosopher without teaching him philosophy, nor a lawyer without teaching him law, neither can you make good law-abiding citizens without teaching the science of goodness, commonly called morality; and there can be no morality without religion.

For this very reason, our national school system, in spite of its advantages along many lines, has not escaped criticism, not indeed for ninety-nine things which it teaches well, but for the one all important thing that it does not teach at all.

The protest reached its climax when some few years ago the voices of nearly 35,000 teachers in the National Educational Association were raised, with hardly one discordant note, to proclaim to the American people that the gear of our vaunted school machinery had a fatal defect. This senate of brains testified to the fact that we had not unfrequently been mistaking mere instruction for all-around education; that we had been simply pouring in, instead of also bringing out; in a

word in our persistent efforts to overstock the brain we had forgotten almost completely the man behind the brain.

"Formation of character," development of the will," "men and women, not pedagogues," "the necessity of increasing the moral power of the schools"—words and clauses such as these were so frequently heard during the sessions of the National Educational Association that their echoes must long keep whispering throughout the land. Intellect had been everything, whereas man's royal faculty, the free will, had been allowed to atrophy; an incomplete and false psychology had well-nigh completely wrecked our pedagogy. We had been loading down the vessel with the intellectual treasures of Greece and Rome, and with the mild amenities of Europe and America and we had omitted to put on board the mariner's compass, without which the well-laden ship was almost sure to miss its port or even to founder in mid-ocean. Such was the verdict of the greatest assemblage of teachers this country had ever seen.

The need of moral training, the truth that book learning alone, the injection into the mind of facts and figures, does not of itself constitute education, is not of recent discovery. The Catholic church has taught this truth for nineteen hundred years and in recent times men who are not of our faith have had the courage to raise their voices against the fetish-worship of the reading, writing and arithmetic fallacy of so-called education.

Among these, President Roosevelt just a short while ago, at the commencement exercises of Lansing Agricultural College, when our distinguished alumnus, Mr. McHatton, here present to-day, received from his hand the diploma of his graduation, said: "The graduate, the finished product of our colleges should be primarily a man, not a scholar. Education should not confine itself to books. It must train executive power, and try to create that right public opinion which is the most potent factor in the proper solution of all political and social questions. Book learning is very important, but it is by no means everything and we shall never get the right idea of education until we definitely understand that a man may

be well trained in book learning and yet, in the proper sense of the word, be utterly uneducated."

On a previous similar occasion he said: "It is eminently characteristic of our nation that we should have an institution (Worcester, Mass.), in which the effort is constantly made to train, not merely the body and mind, but the soul of man that he shall be a good American and a good citizen of our great country."

And again in this connection, Mr. Roosevelt says: "We cannot continue as a republic, we cannot rise to a true level of greatness unless this greatness is based upon and conditioned by a high and brave type of spiritual life."

As far back as 1896, President Hyde of Bowdoin College dared to say before the Massachusetts Teachers' Association that "the public schools must do more than they have been doing if they are to be real educators of youth and effective supporters of the State." The public school, he continues, puts the key of knowledge into the child's hands, but fails to open the treasures of wisdom to his heart. Of what use is it to teach a child how to read if he cares to read nothing but the sensational accounts of crime? These people, concludes the college president, who know how to read and write and cipher and who know little else, are the people who furnish fuel for A. P. A. fanaticism, who substitute theosophy for religion, passion for morality, and impulse for reason.

At another time it was one of the leading New York daily newspapers which had the courage to say: "Right and wrong in the affairs of conduct are not matters of instinct; they have to be learned just as really as history or handicrafts. Is this knowledge being imparted to our children in our schools? Our whole machinery of education from the kindergarten to the university, is perilously weak at this point."

Education has been defined "preparation for complete living." In this light a question of supremest import arises. What is the sort of result a parent looks for as the outcome of his son's education? What sort of a man does he want his son to be? Does he want him to be prepared for complete

living? Surely if we are in earnest, we want our boys to grow up into men who in all things and in every department of life will give to God the first place; men with whom it is a settled conviction that they have been sent into this world not primarily to make a fortune or a name, but to serve Him and carry out His will; men who have an inward sense of the truth that no evil in the world can be compared with the evil of sin and that no happiness in this life can be put into competition with the happiness of faithfully and generously serving their Creator.

We want them to be men conscious indeed of their high calling and destiny, but no less conscious of their own weakness and of their need of all the helps that religion can afford.

We want them to be men in whose eyes the frivolity of modern worldliness is contemptible and its rampant selfishness abhorrent.

We want them to be men whose lives and conduct are modeled on the maxims laid down in the Sermon on the Mount—to whom the beatitudes are a reality.

If we do not want all this, or something like this for our boys—this first and foremost and if all other aims be not subordinated to this—then we may have reason to ask ourselves whether we have adequately apprehended the plain teaching of the gospels—or assuming that we have done so, how far our Christianity is genuine and wholehearted.

Young gentlemen of the graduating classes of 1907, it has been your privilege and good fortune to have been nurtured and brought up within these collegiate halls under an educational system which is a “preparation for complete living.” To-day is your commencement day. You are to-day to commence that complete life for which we feel assured you are fully equipped.

Life brings few happier days to the young man, than that on which amid the smiles and plaudits of those who love him best he bids adieu to the sacred halls of his alma mater. The world smiles upon him and he loves life all the more because he sees only its sunny side and dreams not at all of its clouds. But you must not cherish the illusion that you

have to-day finished your education. Alas, too many of our young people have finished their education. Where now, I ask, are all those who have graduated from our institutions of learning? We saw in the papers of that time how brilliantly they passed, how eloquently they spoke, what high promises they gave of a bright future.

Alas, they finished their education that day, complacently folded their arms, and settled down in ease to live on the fame of their parchment and on the bread earned for them by hands other than their own.

Be not imitators of such as these.

“In the world’s broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be ye heroes in the strife!

“Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait ”

Young gentlemen, my earnest desire is, that of each of you it may be truly said:

“The star of the unconquered will
Has risen in his breast;
Serene, and resolute and still
And calm and self-possessed.

“O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know, how sublime a thing it is-
To suffer and be strong.”

But what I wish to impress on you to-day is this: that success in the world before you does not depend on your becoming great, or famous, or notorious. No; act well the part

in life that falls to your lot; discharge your duties conscientiously; be good sons, good citizens, good Christian men, and you have attained success indeed.

If you are not called upon to do extraordinary things, see to it that you endeavor to do ordinary things extraordinarily well.

Many a poor man has been a blessing to this world, though he made no noise in it and died little better than a mendicant, while thousands have died rich and well known who were morally and intellectually bankrupt.

"There are several classes of young men," says one who has risen to the highest pinnacle of money success. "There are those who do not do all their duty; there are those who profess to do their duty, and there is a third class, far better than the other two, that do their duty and a little more. There is a difference between talent and duty. Talent does what it can; genius what it must. But it is the little more that makes the difference. It is the little more that wins in every race. So it is with the young and old men who do a little more than their duty. The youth who spends his night after his daily toil in improving himself is the one who succeeds. Such young men as these are the salt of society and the salt of the nation."

Now what do these graduates seek? I suppose some of them want to be millionaires. The man who works for money alone will not find happiness nor will he be a useful citizen. "Money never buys satisfaction or happiness, but it does bring many disappointments and creates many jealousies?"

My dear young gentlemen, viewed in the light of another world—of the measureless future beyond the grave, human success is a poor bubble indeed. The divinest life ever lived on this earth was not viewed humanly a success. Yet we know Jesus Christ is life eternal, to be like Him is success everlasting.

If you have not already determined on a fixed course, "a calling" in life, see to it at once that you know in what walk of life your future is to lie. Let not the evil examples of care-

less, purposeless students deter you from working out at once the path you are to tread.

In every school, college and university are these careless pupils, intellectual nonentities who despise rule, confine themselves to each other's company, are dark and testily weary of discipline. They speak loftily nevertheless of their future. They will enter for the bar or for medicine or for the civil service generally. Well, they are usually worthless fellows and when you meet them in after life you find them doing nothing but peddling cheap publications on commission. This is their highest graduation in life, poor fellows. And the country abounds with them. They have nothing to do because they do not know how to do anything well. The really good workman is never idle, never unemployed. The man who devoted the energy of his young life to learn one thing well, who was satisfied only when he knew that one thing as well as, or better than any one else—that man you never see unemployed. Instead of seeking employment he is sought after. He may be only a mechanic, but he is master of his position and therefore can afford to be as high-minded as a statesman. He may be only a toiler, but he can be as noble as a prince.

Above all and before all, my dear graduates, "to your own selves be true"—to your immortal souls, to your eternal aspirations.

"What shall I do lest life in silence pass?

And if it do,

And never prompt the bray of noisy brass

What need'st thou rue?

Remember aye, the ocean deeps are mute;

The shallows roar;

Worth is the ocean—Fame is the bruit

Along the shore."

What shall I do to be forever known?

Thy duty ever!

This did full many who yet sleep unknown—

Oh, never, never!

Think'st thou, perchance, that they remain unknown
Whom thou know'st not?
By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown,
Divine their lot.

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife!
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action they devise
Will life be fled,
While he who ever acts as conscience cries
Shall live, though dead."

Seek ye therefore first, young gentlemen, the kingdom of God and His justice, and be assured on God's own word that all things else shall be added unto you.

And now, Alma Mater bids you a fond adieu. If the prospect of the world before you frightens you—if your hearts grow faint at the thought of what is expected of you, remember that you depart with the abiding benediction and strength of Spring Hill College.

One of Wellington's officers when commanded to go on some perilous duty, lingered a moment as if afraid, and then said:

'Let me have one clasp of your strong, all-conquering hand before I go and then I can do it.'

In bidding you farewell—in sending you out upon your perilous duty in the world, Spring Hill College extends to you her hand—that hand that has these many years led you safely through the mazes and the dangers of youth—one clasp of that reassuring hand and then you, too, can go and do your full duty in the world.

I wish you all success my dear graduates of '07. May the God of Heaven bless you. Never forget the nobility of sons of Spring Hill College. Good-bye.

The Message of the Bell

Be still! dost hear the passing bell?
It fills each loving heart with fright,
It tells unto the ear of night
The mournful message of its knell.

The time-worn chieftains dying song,
O'er snow-clad peak and forest dell,
Has cast the sadness of its spell,
That wintry blasts have swept along.

Wrapped in his sable funeral pall,
The chief among the dead appears
Mid ghastly moans and bitter tears,
Within his wide ancestral hall.

Dead! In deep tranquillity
He breathless sleeps in sable shroud,
Untroubled by Day's accents loud,
In thy grim vault Eternity.

* * * * *

Ring out Wild Bells! In gladness ring
Upon the crisp and frosty night,
Filling the earth with pure delight
By tidings of a new-born king.

Proclaim with heart-inspiring strain
The youthful brow that wears the crown:
Despite the Winter's gloomy frown,
The smiling king begins his reign.

A. Touart, '09.

His First Commission

A thick fog hung over London, encircling all the buildings, and completely enveloping the streets as Percy Evans, A. B., the youthful shipping clerk of the John Ross Co. lifted the latch of the office door.

It had been a hard day for Percy, inspecting and checking the cargoes which were to be loaded on the ocean steamer "Cremona," that was to leave port in a few days. He had allowed himself hardly half an hour for his evening lunch before he was again over his desk completing his bills of lading.

It was a tired head and weary hand that moved over the books and through the freight-room; but Percy's was a heart full of ambition and "never-say-quit" determination to forge to the front.

"Perhaps," mused Percy's hopeful spirit within him—and the thought drew a glow from his tired face—"before long I shall get a chance to prove my worth and win a more responsible position. How little after all is the drudgery of a poor clerk appreciated! If Mr. Ross would only give me an opportunity!"

The old clock in the corner registered 9:30, as Percy ran the blotter over his last bill; and with a feeling of relief he bundled the papers together and started for Mr. Ross' private office—"Here are the papers regarding our shipments on the Cremona," said Percy, placing the pack on the President's desk; "quite a heavy business to-day. To-morrow will we begin checking the cotton to be placed on the "New Amsterdam?"

"Yes, you had better," replied the President, and Percy turned to leave the room. Ere he had reached the door he turned abruptly on hearing his name called and faced Mr. Ross.

"Is there something you wish me to do, Mr. Ross?" asked Evans in his usual polite manner.

"Yes," said the President, putting down his pen, and leaning back in his revolving arm-chair as he motioned to Percy to be seated. "I've been thinking of sending you to Moscow to look after some business interests we have there. We are negotiating for a large stock of furs with a gentleman of that place, and I believe I can trust you to represent us in closing the deal. I know you have had little experience, but your steadfast character and fidelity to duty make me confident that you will do us justice in such an enterprise. It's a chance for you, Percy. Will you take it?"

The emotion of gratified ambition which at these words took possession of Percy's inward self, presently worked itself out in external manifestations. Percy was thrilled with joy; his quick eye, his flushed cheek revealed his pleasure, his every movement spoke his readiness.

"Certainly," said he, when Mr. Ross had finished speaking. "I would be glad to undertake it. I must thank you for the confidence you are placing in me. When shall I go?"

"Call and see me to-morrow at ten," answered Mr. Ross, riveting his attention, as he spoke, on the bills before him.

"Good night," added Percy as he left the room.

The next day Percy received full instructions, and at once began preparations for his long trip. Two days later, he had said good bye to his friends, and was aboard a steamer bound for the Continent.

From that moment, Percy had but one idea—to make his first enterprise a success. Often he would open and re-read his instructions. Yes, he was to meet a merchant when stepping off the train at Moscow; and with him he must strike off a bargain in the purchase of the furs for Mr. Ross—and then what rosy thoughts would spring up in his mind! Who could tell but that upon his return home he might be made a partner in the business?

The trip was full of interest to Percy. The ever-shifting scene of rugged mountain-land and meadowed valley enchanted his senses. So engrossed was he that scarcely did he observe a tall, heavy-set Russian, who sat opposite gazing at him with malicious searching eyes—a vicious-looking indi-

vidual, who was evidently studying Percy and his belongings minutely.

On alighting at the station, he was addressed by an elderly man of a neat appearance, and gentlemanly bearing. "Follow me" was all he said, and Percy, though he thought this a very strange greeting, followed the old gentleman towards the cab.

Once seated, he found himself whirled through narrow streets until he came at last to a dilapidated old two-story residence.

The front door opened as they reached the top step, and Percy was led into a long hallway. Here he was relieved of all his baggage, save his trusty cane, to which he clung as if by instinct. Thence the old man ushered him into an empty vault; the heavy door closed behind him, and the massive spring bolt snapped.

The floor was of grey stone, and the four walls of solid oak, with queer blotches over the lower portion of them. A scanty supply of light was admitted by a narrow opening, more a slit than a window, and a nauseating stench permeated the air.

Percy examined the spots on the wall and floor, and to his horror discovered they were blood stains.

"A pretty reception," thought he, "for a salesman, to place him in an under ground cell. You would suppose I had come as a robber rather than a merchant." Here his reverie was broken by the reappearance of the guide at the door who apologized profusely, and led Percy into a well-lighted dining-room, and introduced him to Count Koruski.

The Count talked merrily, and the meal passed pleasantly. After their wine, the Count led him to the rear of the hall, and up a flight of stairs, into a spacious room.

The walls were covered with green baize; all the windows were curtained, and a dim light burned in the center.

Around a long table sat eleven men, fierce, even terrible to look upon. An empty seat at the head of the table had evidently been reserved for him; and he was motioned to be seated.

The Chief, as it seemed, who sat at the foot of the table, hailed the Count "7 to 11," and he replied, "11 to 5," and in like manner he hailed Percy who likewise answered "11 to 5," upon which he was introduced to the members.

It was now evident to Percy that he had made some mistake, and had been led into the meeting of a secret band of assassins.

"How's the mine under the river my young sir?" inquired one of the elders, as Percy seated himself. Percy was resolute, and determined to play his part to a finish, so he answered, "Very well, sirs, very well." "And the Marconi plot, how is it?" asked another. But Percy could not answer, for the door opened, and a prisoner was led in between two guards.

"Are you guilty Volsti?" enquired the chief. "Yes, master, partly," replied the prisoner. "Hear; Hear!" said the chief, "Then thou shalt be dismissed. Do your duty men!" and they led the captive from the room. The lawlessness of this act made Percy's blood run cold, but he could not turn back now.

"And how sir is the Duke of Norfolk's game?" asked the chief, once more addressing himself to Percy. "Moving well, sir, the — — —" but here again the door opened and a tall gigantic fellow entered. It was the same fellow whom Percy had seen suspiciously watching him in the train.

As he drew nearer, and perceived no vacancy at the table, he looked around, glancing at each face, and his eyes fell upon Percy's countenance, he exclaimed: "Aha! My young rascal, so you thought you could usurp Bolkaski's place, did you? Well, you shall pay the penalty for your rashness."

At the first words of the intruder Percy had risen to his feet. He now backed against the door, where he prepared to receive them, and placing a chair before him, stood on guard with his cane.

They rushed fiercely upon him; and with loud yells and terrible oaths they stormed him on all sides with deadly blows. Yet Percy struggled manfully, and for a time beat them back until his stick was shattered. Then he raises the chair, his

only means of defense, and swings it furiously around him. The odds were too much against him. And though he had hurled many of them senseless, yet, by dint of number, they succeeded finally in overpowering him.

Scarcely was the excitement over, when the ruffian band was filled with dismay by the sound of heavy thumping on the door. They stood gazing at each other for an instant—and then all was clear. The police were raiding their den and straightway they sought safety in flight.

Percy was taken to the City Hospital, where in a short time he recovered from the many injuries he had received at the hands of the robbers. When fully recuperated, he sought out the Zolaski Brothers and Co., and purchased the furs for the John Ross Co., and returned home, wiser and more prudent in his dealings with the shrewd, and often treacherous world.

P. Beall, '10.



What Does It Matter?

I'm building a house as years roll by
And it matters a lot to me;
For that house must be my Heaven or Hell
For all Eternity!

I'm painting a picture or ill or well,
On the soul God gave to me,
To hang on the walls of Heaven or Hell
For all Eternity!

Eyon.



THE THIRD DIVISION.



Where There's a Will There's a Way

Mr. Gregory was the agent for Mr. Austin, the manager of the American Railway Company, which was then about to build a road from the port Santarem on the Amazon River in Brazil to the rich mining districts of the interior. On coming into the office he asked Fred, the manager's son, who had been sent from the States by his father and assigned to this work,—to look up some New York correspondence for him. While thus engaged he ran across a letter from his father. Fred thinking this to be the one required, hastily read it, but, when half through he tore it into small pieces. One part burned particularly on his mind. Fred repeated the words to himself slowly, "Please put my son to some useful work. I fear he will be of little aid to you as he is very idle and wayward. Give him all the money he wishes and keep him busy; for the longer he is out of my way the better, as he has been a source of worry and trouble to me since his tenth birthday." After a few minutes silent thinking, Fred exclaimed in a faltering voice. "I'll show dad that I am all right and that I am not better out of the way."

This soliloquy was interrupted by the appearance of Gregory. "Well, my boy, have you found the letter yet," he inquired as he entered the door. Fred turned quickly around and remarked, "Mr. Gregory we must have that railroad finished by June the first and this is April. We can do it and we must. If we don't my father will be out several hundred thousands of dollars." Gregory turned sharply and looked at the boy with an expression of doubt on his face as he recollected Mr. Austin's letter.

Bright and early the next morning Fred appeared dressed in a suit of loose-fitting jeans instead of his neat tailor-made suit. "Mr. Gregory, I am going up to the end of the road to see how the work is progressing," the boy hurriedly said and left without waiting for a reply.

After his departure, a gentleman, Mr. Fayot, came in to see Gregory. After some confidential talk he disclosed a

plan whereby the railroad would not be completed within the prescribed time. The plan thus agreed upon was this—should Gregory in any way stop the completion of the road the government of Brazil would retract the franchise of Mr. Austin and give it to his rivals, whom Mr. Fayot represented. If this succeeded, Gregory was to receive ten thousand dollars from Mr. Fayot. Gregory agreed to meet Fayot at twelve o'clock at lunch to discuss the plan.

The same evening when Fred Austin returned from his trip, one of the clerks had a long conference with him. He related how and what he had overheard in a restaurant. It was nothing else than the agreement between the conspirators. Having heard the story, Fred at once telegraphed for three new engines, and sent out men to collect extra hands for the work.

Presently Gregory returned to the office and sat at his desk. Fred whipped out his revolver and commanded him to be still. "So you've decided to play traitor, have you?" and giving no time for an answer he continued, "Take that pen there and write out your resignation, appointing me sole manager of this business." "I'll do nothing of the kind," snapped Gregory, his eyes flashing with hatred. "Are you my dictator? Don't you know that your father sent you down here to get rid of you?" inquired Gregory. "Yes," answered Fred, "I know the facts." After a few minutes heated argument, Gregory wrote the resignation which Fred desired, and having put this in his pocket, he pointed towards the door—a hint which Gregory knew only too well.

In a few days three powerful engines arrived and were placed in the round house. That same night two of these were blown up and Fred gave Gregory credit for this act as part of his contract with Fayot.

Soon after this accident the foreman of the road reported that the work could not be finished in time without extra help. So extra men were hired to complete the last thirty miles.

On the day of the thirtieth of May, a report was sent in that the road was complete. On hearing this the youthful manager decided to make the first run that same evening,

but while preparing for the road, he received news that some one had come during the night and ditched his third and last engine. Of course he knew that this was again the work of the traitor, but time was too short for an investigation.

Undaunted by this mishap, Fred summoned aid from every point and before sunset he had with his own hands run the first engine over the road from Santarem to Cuyaba, and the victory was won.

One question was on Fred's mind the next morning when he sat down to write his father the news, "What will father say now?" Before he could finish his letter there was a knock at the door and in walked Mr. Austin.

On seeing Fred alone he asked for Gregory. Fred told his father the story from beginning to end and he concluded by saying "Father when I read your letter to Gregory, I was determined to show you that I was of some good and I think I have come near doing so."

Arthur C. Neuburger, '09.



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MOBILE, ALA., JANUARY, 1908

Colleges of recent years have manifested deep interest in Academic debates, whether the argument lay between rival societies at home or took the wider and more exciting form of inter-collegiate contests. The value of these intellectual combats for developing the reasoning powers can hardly be exaggerated. The easy habit of taking a superficial view of a question, receives a rude shock when we have to base our

opinion on sound principles and support it with argument, and do all this in the presence of an adversary who picks flaws in our statements, and who sends ridicule, retort and objection like shot and shell through flimsy ramparts which we deemed impregnable. The debater soon learns that he must make a thorough study of the subject before venturing on a discussion, and moreover, that before deciding to use an argument he must consider what his opponent may do to it. Reading and collating authorities, making extracts for further use, noting the weak points of the opponent's position, all this develops in the mind a clear view of the status questions, defines the position as it is called, and marks the rallying point for all the forces offensive and defensive of the disputant. It is the generalship displayed in defining and holding an argumentative position that distinguishes the true debater from the mere talker.

We all know how popular are joint debates of rival statesmen in a primary campaign; and even the pages of the Congressional Record lose their soporific heaviness when opposing congressmen know what they are talking about. To the interest of foot ball, debating adds safety from broken bones. The forum hath its triumphs no less than the gridiron.

* * * * *

Great too is the literary value of these discussions. Rhetorical theory is reduced to practice; and not merely to that practice which is required for themes and class papers that are intended only for the professor's eye. That which is written will also be spoken and have the ears of hundreds of critics. The debater must be able to think standing and with the eyes of an attentive audience riveted upon him. What he thinks must be clearly and forcibly expressed in correct language. The set speech alone will not do in debate. Quickness and fluency are required for rebuttal and rejoinder, and he who is able to think quickly and express himself correctly has a great advantage over the mere man of the pen.

We have batteries and punters who are surrounded with a halo of academic glory; but who are our champion debaters? We have debating societies venerable for their age, but among

their members we know not who is best at a set speech, who quickest and keenest in rejoinder.

Besides offering a splendid opportunity for practice in extemporaneous speaking, debating also affords a strong incentive to the study and investigation of a subject. More, it is a means to help to broadness of views; and is a means of education as it assists, or rather it compels, one to view a subject in opposite lights. Moreover the debater must 'stick to the subject,' and be on his guard to see that others do the same. This together with the knowledge and observance of parliamentary rules, forces the mind to a course of intellectual drill that cannot fail to develop the reasoning powers.

The editor and the poet, though so necessary to each other, are still regarded as existing in a state of perennial warfare. Wishing from mere motives of humanity to lessen this hostility, and to promote a better understanding between the belligerents, we venture the following simple and practical suggestion. Let the poets diminish the length of their pieces and they will thereby improve the quality of printed verse.

Thought, measure, and felicity of expression, which are the chief elements of good verse, require that the poet should concentrate his forces. If, like an unskillful general, he extends his line of operations, he renders himself open to attack at all points from the Editorial blue pencil. We give an example to show how a few brief lines may give a noble expression of poetic thought and feeling, which can be appreciated even in the ill-fitting garb of a translation.

Das Beruehmte Lyrische Gedicht von Goethe.

Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh;
Ueber allen Wipfeln
Spuerest du

Kaum einen Hauch ;
 Die Voegelein schweigen im Walde.—
 Warte nur, balde
 Ruhest du auch.

This famous little lyric of the great German poet Goethe was written by the author on the walls of a little cottage on the hill of Kichelahn in the forest of Limenau. The gem has been set to music and has been translated into many languages. We have several versions of it in English.

Edgar A. Bowring in his translation of Goethe's poems gives the following elegant version :

Hush'd on the hill
 Is the breeze ;
 Scarce by the zephyr
 The trees
 Softly are pressed ;
 The woodbird's asleep on the bough ;
 Wait, then and thou
 Soon wilt find rest.

From the translation of Goethe's works by Arthur Hugh Clough we cull this, not less elegant though less literal, rendering :

Over every hill
 All is still :
 In no leaf of any tree
 Can you see
 The motion of a breath.
 Every bird has ceased its song
 Wait, and thou too ere long
 Shall be quiet in death.

The following version by a profesor of the college has already found its way into print. We give it here merely as an example of an exact translation where as far as possible the spirit of the original is preserved:

Spent on the hill
Is the breeze;
The tops are all still
On the trees
By a breath scarce caress'd;
The songster's adream on the bough.—
Just bide a wee, and thou
Also wilt rest.

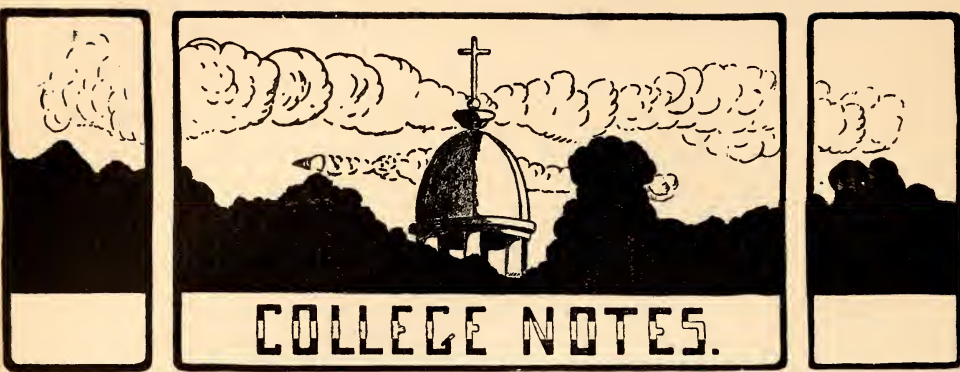
We will readily be pardoned, we are sure, for feeling flattered by the following notice which appeared in the Irish Monthly for November, 1907:

"One of the finest of all the college magazines that we have ever seen is the Spring Hill Review, which is the organ of the great college near Mobile, the chief Catholic institution in the Southern States. It begins with a fervent and musical 'Song for the South,' which bears no signature of any kind; or rather it begins with an admirable portrait of the new Rector, Father Twellmeyer, S. J. No indication also is given of the authorship of "Shamrock Dear," another very winsome piece of verse. They print at Mobile as well as they do at Oxford or Aberdeen, or at the Arden Press."

The two pieces of verse referred to were written by Father James O'Brien, S. J., of Spring Hill College. "Shamrock Dear" was first printed in the Mungret Annual about six years ago. It has been frequently copied since then, and appeared last march in some New York paper and in the Mobile Register. The author recognized his own work, and the Review added one more copy to the others.

The Faculty and Students of Spring Hill College desire to offer their heartfelt sympathy to the Benedictine Fathers of St. Joseph's College, Covington, La. The sad incident of the death of Br. Joseph Buch, O. S. B., who perished in the flames that destroyed the College on the morning of November 30th, adds gloom to the great material loss which was sustained. That none of 130 students living in the College suffered any injury is however matter for thankfulness, and we trust that the buildings will soon be restored and the institution continue the prosperous course upon which it had entered.





Faculty

The Faculty this year is as follows: Rev. Fr. Twellmeyer, President; Fr. Barland, Vice-President; Fr. Hugh, Treasurer; Fr. Butler, Chaplain; Fr. McLaughlin, Minister; Fr. Ruhlman, Sub-minister, Typewriting; Fr. De Stockalper, Philosophy; Fr. T. Stritch, Sciences; Fr. Guyol, Rhetoric; Mr. Sullivan, Mathematics; Fr. Fazakerley, Poetry; Fr. P. Cronin, Mathematics; Mr. Kearns, First Academic; Fr. Snebelen, Second Academic; Mr. T. Cronin, Third Academic A.; Mr. Burk, Third Academic B.; Fr. De la Moriniere, Philosophy and English of Superior Class; Fr. Philippe, Mathematics, Surveying; Fr. O'Reilly, Intermediate Class; Mr. P. Cronin, First English Class; Mr. King, Mathematics; Fr. O'Brien, Second English Class; Mr. Haverkamp, Third English Class; Fr. A. C. McLaughlin, Preparatory; Fr. Faget, Spanish; Mr. Higgins, Preparatory; Mr. Obering, Special Class; Fr. Philippe, Prefect Senior Study Hall; Mr. Sullivan, Prefect Senior Yard; Fr. P. Cronin, Prefect Junior Study Hall; Mr. King, Prefect Junior Yard.

In the new department of Yenni Hall (the Third Division), the study hall is under the regency of Father Wocet, and Mr. Higgins is prefect of the yard.

Of last year's faculty, Fr. Franckhauser has been transferred to the College of the Immaculate Conception, New Orleans, and Fr. Nowlan to St. John's College, Shreveport. Mr. Wallace and Mr. Brooks have commenced their course of

Theology at St. Louis University. Mr. Wallace was director of the Review for the year '06-'07.

On our return to the College we found that Fr. Butler had just arrived from his trip to Europe, and had brought with him a large and valuable contribution of books for the College Library. Father Butler speaks enthusiastically of the manner in which he was received wherever he went during his visit, and more especially of the attentions that were lavished upon him in the residences and colleges of the Jesuits in Ireland and England.

Frs. Montillot and Beaudeau, former presidents of the College, and Fr. McElligott, are members of the Spring Hill community since their old residence at Grand Coteau was destroyed by fire last July.

On August 15th, at Spring Hill College occurred the formal erection of the New Orleans Mission into a Province of the Society of Jesus, Very Rev. Fr. O'Connor being appointed the first provincial. We do not observe that this has made any change in affairs at Spring Hill but we understand that the event has a close analogy in the Order to the admission of a new state into the Union.

A poem by Fr. Reville which was read on the occasion is printed in this issue of the REVIEW.

Return to College

On Wednesday, September the fourth, 1907, the boys returned to College for another year. An improvised band tried to cheer their homesick hearts with a few lively airs, including "Dixie," which even then did not fail to call forth lusty cheers. The glum expression of their faces was dispelled for a few minutes as they greeted their old friends of last year.

After a dainty repast in the refectory the new and old boys alike quickly scattered over the extensive and beautiful grounds, and after a time enjoyed a swim in the lake. The

promise of a prosperous year given by the first day has been fulfilled beyond all expectations, and there are at present 235 boys in the College, which we believe surpasses the attendance of any previous year since war times.

Death of Father Roduit

On July the 27th, 1907, died Fr. Joseph Roduit, S. J. The venerable father was almost ninety years of age, and the last quarter of his long span of life had been spent without interruption at Spring Hill College. His name is familiar to all the students who entered the College since '84, for as long as his physical strength allowed it, Fr. Roduit was a favorite confessor and spiritual father to the boys. His straightforward, simple character and true kindness of heart endeared him to his penitents and won him the confidence of the young people who sought his counsel. He was a man of remarkable energy, and to the last his mind retained its vigor in a wonderful degree. His bodily infirmity, however, increased of recent years, and the extreme heat of last summer hastened the end.

Joseph Roduit was born in the Valley of Bagnes in Switzerland, November the 18th, 1818, and at the age of seventeen he went to the Jesuit College at Sion. His parents made many sacrifices to maintain him at the College, and the difficulty was increased when, owing to his father's death, his mother was left alone to bear the burden. At the age of nineteen he entered the Society of Jesus and in 1848 we find him studying Theology at Friburg. It was a time of revolution in Europe, and the Jesuits were exiled from Switzerland; and in August of the same year we find that Father Roduit was ordained by Bishop Portier of Mobile. He had found more liberty on the hospitable shores of America than in his native land. In 1857, Father Roduit became president of the College of Grand Coteau, La., and after his term of office was completed he remained there in various occupations till 1884, when he was sent to Spring Hill. For many years he

acted as Chaplain of the Visitation Convent in Summerville, near Mobile, and Confessor of the students of the College. His long life of spiritual zeal and self-sacrifice was piously ended on July the 27th, 1907. R. I. P.

Repairing of the College

The old students found things rather renovated upon their return. The study halls, the dining-room, and the rotunda had been painted in a most artistic manner, so that now everything is in tip-top fashion.

Opening of the Third Division

One new feature this year is the opening of a Third Division in Yenni Hall. This move, while relieving the congested conditions, is also better for the youngsters who now have a little college of their own.

Rooter's Club

We do not know whether the Rooters' Club comes under the Societies column or under College Notes. At all events, we take the liberty to say a few words of praise for the organization, and we trust they will stick together and render as good service during the rest of the year as they have during the foot ball season. There is but one failing and that is the scarcity of real good "Yells." Many of the old typical Spring Hill "Yells" have apparently been forgotten and there are no new ones to take their places. Here's a chance for some genius with a lot of spare time.

St. Joseph's Lawn Party

On October 9th and 10th a lawn party was given by St. Joseph's Parish, Mobile, and the Philosophy and Superior

Classes and the Senior Brass Band of Spring Hill College were invited. We do not belong to the band, but as Seniors we went to the lawn party, and were well pleased; the other gentlemen from the Division who attended said the same. In fact everybody was pleased, but not all in the same way. Some took pleasure in hanging around the fruit tree and being handed lemons all the evening. Others again frequented the lunch counters rather too persistently. One gentleman who desires his name to be withheld purchased two sandwiches and tried to abscond with the tray on which they were served. Quite a little money was spent, mostly on chances. One confessed having passed off a lead dollar after he had **gone broke**. The band gave excellent music (when not otherwise engaged), and livened up things considerably by the stirring airs they dispensed.

Class Exhibitions

Rhetoric

On Wednesday, November 6th, 1907, the first class exhibition of the year was furnished us by the Rhetoricians, under the direction of their professor, Father Guyol. This exhibition was one of the best that Spring Hill has witnessed in many years. The scene was laid near the College, and the naturalness of the actors helped greatly to make the affair seem very realistic. Interspersed with classic themes were some pieces of local interest which proved most amusing. The Orchestra, of course, was superb, and Rev. Fr. President, in his short address at the conclusion of the program, averred that he had never before heard such music from a Spring Hill Orchestra, and that was "talking some." Although the Senior Band has regularly carried off the honors at these monthly exhibitions for the last two or three years, however,



THE JUNIOR ELEVEN



it has been generally conceded that the Junior aggregation bested them this time, and the "kids" have a right to feel proud of their band, for that is no small honor.

On that occasion, Rev. Fr. President announced that at the end of the school year a gold medal, donated by a friend of the College, would be awarded the student who will have secured the highest average in monthly excellence; also, that all those students who will have made averages of 85 per cent. or over will receive special premiums.

PROGRAM.

Musical.

Overture—"Balmy Night Waltz".....Zeihrer
College Orchestra.

Greeting to Sorrent....Heins
Arranged by Prof. A. Suffich—College Orchestra.

Rough Riders' MarchMackie-Beyer
Junior Band.

Azozo MarchHall
Senior Brass Band.

Literary.

In which the Rhetoricians discuss some of the merits of
Shakespeare's

"THE TEMPEST"

L. Blouin, S. Bourgeois, D. Fossier, J. Garber, G. LeBaron,
J. Nelson, C. Oliver, A. Touart, J. Wagner.

Reading of Notes. Distribution of Cards.

Poetry

Musical.

Czardas—Michiels....College Orchestra

Star of Hope...Junior Band

Miserere—VerdiSenior Band

Literary.**THE STORY OF HECUBA.**

The Author of Hecuba	A. Bloch
The Decree of Her Death	J. Duggan
The Parting of Mother and Daughter.....	F. Voorhies
The Death of Polyxena	S. Braud
The Revenge of Hecuba	P. Beall
Cataline's Defiance	B. Alvarez
Reading of Notes.	Distribution of Cards.

St. Catharine's Day

The annual celebration of this day was observed by the Philosophy Class in the customary manner, and was brought to a close in the evening by a banquet at the Cawthon Hotel. The banquet hall and tables had the class colors, olive and blue prominently displayed and the souvenirs of the occasion are retained as precious treasures by the Philosophers. Judging by the manner in which they are displayed by the owners they must be connected with pleasant memories.

The Superior Class held their banquet on Wednesday, the 27th, at the Gould Restaurant. As no impartial outsider was present at both it is impossible to settle the rival claims of the two classes as to which had the better time.



Alumni Notes

Spring Hill College labors under some disadvantages in her effort to organize her Alumni, but many of these may be obviated if the **Review** is taken as a means of Communication.

If distance forbids us to expect personal visits from old students—still the letter carrier visits us all, and willingly brings tidings from far away friends. Why not make more use of this pleasant means of intercourse and keep in touch with your Alma Mater? Let her know what items of interest enter into your busy lives and she will gladly let your classmates and college chums know through the columns of the **Review**.

Our circular appealing to the old students to take an interest in the **Review** has called forth replies that indicate a strong affection for old Spring Hill. We must mention in particular a long and elegant Latin epistle to the manager, *Care mi Domine Walsh*," from Dr. Pearse O'Leary, '89, of Vicksburg. "*Fac ponas in subscriptionis tabula nomen meum*;" this with his check "*in solutionem duorum annorum subscriptionis Collegii diurnis*," is a practical and admirable beginning. He approves especially our aim to bring into closer connection the older students and the College—"acta sociorum in Collegii diurnis proferre," and "*gratissimum mihi erit perlegere res gestas*," &c. Many may not be able to imitate the learned Doctor's Latinity,—his loyalty to Alma Mater should, however, prove inspiring to others.

The Class of '07

Messrs. Sidney A. Bonvillain, Jos. A. O'Leary, Hinton Touart and Nicolas Vickers are still enjoying their extended vacations. Mr. Bonvillain will in a few weeks enter into business with his father.

Mr. Nestor L. Keith Ovalle is at McGill University, Montreal, studying Electrical Engineering.

Messrs. George Lasseigne and Daniel Ory are at the Louisiana State University studying Sugar Chemistry.

Mr. R. Kenneth Rounds is studying Law at the University of Wisconsin. We have just heard of the death of his father. The faculty and students extend their sympathy to him and the family.

Mr. G. Leon Soniat is reading Law and fulfilling the position of stenographer in his uncle's office.

Mr. Leo Giard is applying himself to the study of Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Raymond Larrea is at Cornell studying Civil Engineering.

Mr. Joseph Norville is associated with his father in the management of the Southern Hotel, Mobile.

Mr. J. C. Rives, '78, of Macon, Miss., paid a visit to his Alma Mater on September 9th, bringing his little son, John B., whom he placed at the College.

Mr. John Mulherin, '87, visited the College September 26th.

Dr. Forest Braud, '99, paid us a visit October 12th.

Mr. Alvin C. Hebert, '97, is a candidate for Secretary of State of Louisiana on the Sander's ticket.

Mr. Rene Sere, '99 has reached the top notch of his department at A. Baldwin & Co., New Orleans.

His old friends were pleased to receive a visit from Dr. Ed. B. Dreaper, now on a month's vacation from hospital work in Philadelphia.

The following is an extract from the "Register" of September 22nd:

Miss Leonard Married to Mr. William Cowley of Mobile.

Parkhill, Sept. 18.—Probably the prettiest wedding of the season was celebrated this morning at the Church of the Sacred Heart, when Miss Elizabeth Dorothy Leonard, second daughter of the late Hugh Leonard, Esq., and one of the town's most popular and beautiful young ladies was married to Mr.

William Cowley, attorney-at-law, and United States commissioner, of Mobile, Alabama.

The wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Dunn, rector of the church, assisted by Father Gnam, of Wyoming, Father Barry, of London, and Father Foster, of Mt. Carmel, and the nuptial high mass which followed was sung by Rev. Father Gnam, assisted by the supporting clergy, all in festival vestments.

The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. John J. Kearns, of Brown City, Mich. The groom was supported by Mr. John Leonard, brother of the bride, the ushers being Dr. Lang, of Toronto, Dr. Menard, of Windsor, and Mr. Geo. Digman, of Parkhill.

Only a few immediate friends and relatives were present at the wedding breakfast, after which the happy couple left for a week's trip to the east, returning here next week when Mrs. Cowley will receive informally on Tuesday afternoon and evening to say goodbye to her host of friends before leaving for her new home in Mobile, where she is already well known and assured of a warm welcome.

The gifts to the bride were very numerous and costly and testified to the high esteem in which she is held. Mrs. Cowley will be very much missed in social and church circles, of which she has been a bright and ready member from her childhood, and her many friends in Parkhill will follow her with all good wishes possible to her new home in the Southern States.

We have found the following in the Times-Democrat of New Orleans, September 22nd:

Prominent among the nuptial events of the past week, of which there were several of social importance, was the marriage on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 19, of Miss Aline Marquez, daughter of Mr. Richard Marquez, and Mr. Emile H. Reynes, Jr., which was celebrated in the presence of a large assemblage of friends and relatives at St. Augustin church 5:30 o'clock.

To the notes of Mendelssohn's wedding march the ushers led the way to the altar at the appointed hour. They were Messrs. Tony Lelong, Lucien Jerreau, Rene Sere, Henry Crozart, Joseph Vignes, Charles Coiron, George Ferchaud and J. Marchesseau. The bridegroom, attended by his best man, Mr. Charles G. Reynes, awaited at the altar with the celebrant, Rev. Father Subileau. The bride came with her brother, Mr. Frank Marquez, who gave her in marriage—owing to the illness of her father.

Later Mr. and Mrs. Reynes, who were showered with innumerable and beautiful gifts, left for a trip, and on their return after Oct. 1, will be at home at 1312 North Liberty street.

The Mobile Register of Thursday, Nov. 21st, 1907, has the following:

**Miss Neville and Mr. Lyons Married Last Evening at the
Neville Home.**

Though the ceremony was attended only by the relatives and most intimate friends, the rooms were filled when, at 8:30 o'clock, Drago's orchestra, stationed in the hall, played the bridal chorus from Lohengrin, thus heralding the approach of the party, the four ushers, Mr. Alfred Dorgan and Mr. Melvin Billups, Mr. Walton Sink and Mr. Ben Toomer, leading, and coming through the front parlor to the back were followed by the bridesmaids walking singly, Miss Louise Vass leading them, then Miss Kitty Shepard, Miss Annie Spotswood, Miss Virginia Lyons, followed by the maid of honor, Miss Marietta Green, preceding the bride, who came with her father. The groom and his best man, Mr. LeBaron Lyons, entered the back parlor from the hall and met them in front of the prie-dieu, and there the sacred words of the marriage ceremony were impressively spoken by Rev. Father De la Moriniere.

A reception followed, after which Mr. and Mrs. Lyons left for a bridal trip to New York, Washington and Phila-

delphia. On their return to the city they will go to house-keeping on Montauk Avenue."

We extend our congratulations to brides and grooms with heartiest good wishes for their happiness.

On Nov. 9th, a lecture on King Lear was given by Fr. De la Moriniere before a large audience in the Winter Garden, New Orleans, under the auspices of the Marquette Association of Loyola College. The lecture was again given two days later in the Immaculate Conception College Hall at the request of the Jesuit Alumni Association of New Orleans, and on the following day at the Dominican Academy.



Obituary

Edgar Hull, '59

Edgar Hull, '59. Scranton, Miss., September 23.—(Special.)—Hon. Edgad Hull, county superintendent of education, died at his home on Telephone road Sunday morning, after an illness of two months. His death has cast a shadow over the entire community, as Mr. Hull was esteemed by all who knew him. Mr. Hull was a native of Mobile, having been educated at Spring Hill College, but has lived the greater part of his life in Pascagoula, Miss.

He leaves a wife and three little children. The Central High School closed its doors in respect for Mr. Hull to-day until after 12 o'clock.—*Mobile Register*, Sept. 24th, 1907.

John G. Robin, '93

Councilman Robin Dies.—The intelligence which reaches the community this morning through the medium of the press, of the demise of Hon. John G. Robin, Representative of the Sixth Ward in the City Council, attorney of high repute and fine clientele for a young man, genial to a fault, amiable, of high integrity, lofty principles, will cause mourning that such a life should be snuffed out in an instant.

Apparently in fine health and in splendid spirits, he and his wife, last evening, after a dinner at his father's home in Esplanade Avenue, left for his own home, 1716 Esplanade Avenue, to prepare and go with other members of the family to a theatre party at Tulane. It was 7:30 when he reached home, and while making ready for the show he was seized with a pain caused by a lump in his chest, and complained of a quick pain at his heart. At 8 o'clock he was suffering intensely. Dr. Maxime Landry, living near by, was summoned and started over immediately. Upon arrival he found Mr. Robin with all of the symptoms of acute indigestion. This

was about 8:30 o'clock. The doctor applied the first aid used in such emergencies, and then following his patient closely discerned a weakening of the heart. Dr. Landry strove to strengthen the heart, but the agonies of the patient were intense and at 9 o'clock life was extinct.

John G. Robin would have been 31 years of age on Dec. 18 next. He was born here, son of Oscar Robin, an old resident of the city, and was educated for his primary studies here, but when quite young was sent to Spring Hill College and there finished. He took a law course and was graduated from Tulane University, and was associated with Judge Chretien in the practice of law. He was the candidate from the Sixth Ward for representative in the City Council, and was elected with the Behrman Administration. As a member of the City Council he made a record to be proud of, and was something of a factor in deliberations on the floor. He was one of the staunchest supporters of the Mayor, and when His Honor vetoed the measure which had for its purpose the giving over of Basin Street, from Canal to Toulouse Street, he delivered an address in support of the veto, which indicated that his oratory had been gained in the school of experience, and it had the effect of causing him to stand high and strong with his constituents. As he stood on this particular measure, he was found to be above board in all of his political career. He had a personality that made him friends instant.

It was only five years ago that John G. Robin took to his heart and home for wife Miss Emily Hincks, daughter of Joseph A. Hincks, and to this union two children, a boy and a girl, were born, all of whom survive.

Mayor Behrman was telephoned last night at his home in Algiers and expressed his sympathies. The members of the Council and the Mayor will attend the funeral and will have the Council chamber door and the desk of Mr. Robin draped for thirty days. It is a certainty that members of the city and State administrations, the bar and the social and other organizations will be largely represented at the funeral.—**New Orleans Picayune, Friday, Nov. 22nd, 1907.** R. I. P.

Exchanges

The Exchange departments of several college magazines contain strong words of condemnation for the department of "family jokes." References to comic domestic occurrences, nicknames, and so forth, must necessarily appear pointless and obscure to the Exchange Editor and to all outsiders.

As one Exchange expresses it, their value varies in inverse proportion to the square of the distance from the place of publication. However, we think that this same mathematical ratio accounts for the printing of these items. They are called mere inanities at a distance of 300 miles and are not meant to have effect at that distance. They were never intended to amuse the Exchange Editor. But on their home grounds, we may venture to guess they are read before the editorials, poems or essays that give dignity to the College magazine. Such a department is, however, more liable to err both by excess and defect than any other, and it may be an open question whether, all things considered, it is advisable to retain it. As we cannot appreciate their humor we have decided not to read them.

The Fordham Monthly

The Fordham Monthly donned a new coat to celebrate its Silver Jubilee in the November number. A glance through the issue shows that the Monthly has accomplished two very excellent results during its career—it has encouraged and developed the literary ambition of many of Fordhamites, and promoted among the students an excellent spirit of loyalty to the college. The growth of Fordham into a thriving university affords a still wider scope for the usefulness of the college journal, and there is every indication that it will not be found wanting in these new and promising circumstances.

We congratulate the Monthly on its Jubilee and Jubilee number.

The Mungret Annual

The **Mungret Annual** of Mungret College, Ireland, has brought out an extra to commemorate the Silver Jubilee of the College under the Jesuits, and a very beautiful and interesting extra it is, in design and engravings, as well as in historical and biographical writing. A Silver Jubilee implies a modern institution, but when we look into this volume we are carried back to mediaeval times and far beyond them.

Not unfittingly does the volume begin with the words "The Present meets the Past." Mungret's ruined Abbey and grounds have been restored to their destined purpose and rightful heirs.

The Georgetown Journal

The **Georgetown Journal** opens the year with an account of an elaborate reception which the college gave to an old alumnus, the poet and journalist, James R. Randall. It must have been extremely gratifying to him to hear the words of praise and esteem which greeted him on this visit to his Alma Mater; and assuredly the poet must have felt flattered to hear his own verses rendered by the young generation of Georgetown.

The same number contains a rather silly letter against the study of Greek. The writer, who signs himself 'Naughty Eight,' is evidently an agriculturist and his mind still fondly turns to bucolic pursuits, for he tells us that he prefers alfalfa to hay. In the matter of fodder there is no accounting for tastes. His real grievance is only revealed towards the end of the letter when he says: "The Greek task is as hard in Junior as it was in Fourth Academic," which, being interpreted, means that this supposed Junior has never learned his Greek Grammar.

His rather caddish remark about 'Big Colleges' moving with the times, leads us to think that he has as little sympathy with other Georgetown traditions as he has with Greek: If it were a matter of salvation, he tells us, he could understand why Georgetown insists on Greek. The 'Big Colleges' he

admires so much do not insist on anything as necessary for salvation, and I suppose are all the more admirable on that account. What, he asks, is the use of Greek for us? It is certainly of no use for raising alfalfa. The course of a liberal education is not determined by what is immediately useful in this life or absolutely necessary for the next.

Perhaps the pages of the Journal are too readily opened to light-headed reformers.

The Fleur de Lis

A high standard in prose and verse is manifested in the **Fleur de Lis** for November. There is a well written series of papers on the construction of 'Hamlet' and an interesting sketch entitled "The Academy of Scientific Defense." The Scientific classification of the wiles by which lack of knowledge is concealed in the class-room shows close observation. We doubt however whether the infinite variety of student 'bluff' could ever be catalogued and labelled.

St. Mary's Sentinel

St. Mary's Sentinel proves much brighter in its contents than the dark cover would seem to indicate.

St. Mary's Chimes and The Agnetian Monthly

Regarding other magazines, such as **St. Mary's Chimes** and **The Agnetian Monthly**, we can only express our wonder at the inexhaustible supply they have of easy, graceful prose and pleasing verse.

Other magazines received.

Purple and White	The Mangalore Magazine
St. Ignatius Collegian	Pascua Florida
	The Mountaineer

Societies

Senior

Sodality of the Blessed Virgin

Director, Fr. Guyol

The officers elected at the opening of the year are as follows: R. M. Breard, Prefect; F. Voorhies, 1st Assistant; A. Vizard, 2nd Assistant; J. Wogan, Secretary; J. Supple, W. Kevlin, Sacristans; D. Austin, F. Baker, J. Garber, L. Blouin, Consultants.

The Academy

Director, Fr. Guyol

The traditional solemnity of the form of procedure in the Academy and the senatorial gravity of the members have caused some delay in beginning the work of the first term of the year. A good number of aspirantts, however, had courage to face the trials to which awe-struck candidates are subjected, and have been admitted to the arcana of the Society. A literary and histrionic program more ambitious than usual is promised and there is abundant material to carry it through. The officers elected for the half year are: R. M. Breard, President; W. M. Walsh, Secretary; D. L. Austin, Censor.

Musical Organizations

Mr. Kearns, S. J. and Professor Staub are laboring to overcome the loss of old members from the Brass Band, and already the result of their efforts is apparent in the style of music rendered.

Whatever may be the shortcomings of other organizations the Orchestra seems never to fall from its high standard of excellence. It is as good as ever.

A new aggregation has been formed calling itself the Philharmonic Society. What it may be, or what it can do will

only be ascertained when the rumored concerts have dates attached. Then we shall hear what we shall hear, if we stay in the neighborhood. Mr. Kearns, S. J., has accepted the directorship, and the club has chosen the same officers as the Band namely: R. M. Breard, President; J. Nelson, Secretary; J. Deegan, Censor.

Library and Reading Room

Officers: D. L. Austin, President; S. L. Kelly, Vice-President; J. M. Supple, Secretary and Treasurer; J. P. Nelson, Librarian.

Billiard and Pool Room

Officers: A. Vizard, President; F. Barker, Secretary; J. Deegan, Censor.

Gymnasium

Officers: R. M. Breard, President; W. Walsh, Secretary and Treasurer; W. Kevlin, Censor.

Junior

There is little to be recorded of the Junior Societies beyond the election of officers for the term. A good deal of talent has been discovered among the new members of the Junior Academy, and as the Junior Band retains its old members its superiority seems to be still assured with the continued guidance of the leader, Prof. Suffich.

Sodality of the Holy Angels

Director, Fr. O'Reilly

Officers: A. J. Touart, President; J. T. Bauer, 1st Assistant; A. T. Beary, 2nd Assistant; S. F. Braud and G. A. LeBaron, Secretaries; H. P. Leche and C. A. Olivier, Consultants; C. Brady, B. D. Alvarez and J. E. O'Flinn, Sacristans.

Sodality of St. John Berchmans**Director, Mr. P. Cronin**

Officers: A. J. Touart, President; A. T. Beary, Secretary; B. F. Alvarez, Censor; C. Schatzman and J. Alvarez, Acolytes.

Junior Academy**Director, Jr. Fazakerley**

Officers: A. J. Touart, President; A. T. Beary, Secretary; B. F. Alvarez, Censor.

Junior Band

Officers: A. J. Touart, President; B. F. Alvarez, Secretary; K. Leche, Censor.

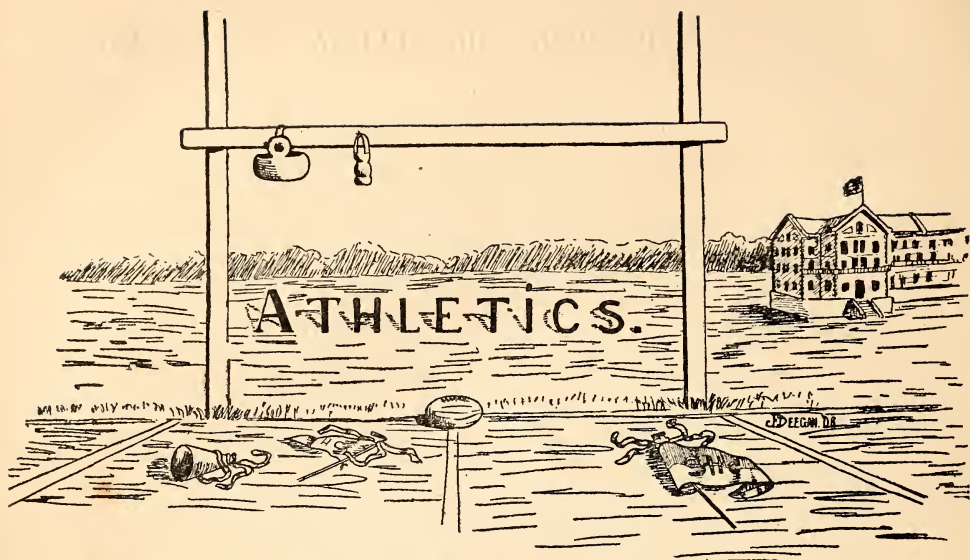
Junior Library and Reading Room

Officers: A. J. Touart, President; T. McDouough, Treasurer; T. Grace and K. Leche, Librarians.

Gymnasim

Officers: S. F. Braud, President and Treasurer; C. Schatzman, Vice-President; W. Ducote, Secretary.





Senior

Foot Ball

A good squad and a poor schedule would seem to be a fair summary of the football season. For the first we are indebted to the fact that the team is well balanced and evenly developed, and this is chiefly owing to the earnest and unremitting exertions of Mr. Maxon, whose services in coaching the team deserve the highest commendation. The schedule of games has turned into a series of disappointments, and as in some cases the arrangement was broken off only at the last minute the disappointment was all the keener. The practice games did not show very clearly what the team could do; it was only when the Marion Institute eleven were on the field on Nov. 9th that some interest was aroused. The following is an account of the game from The Herald of Mobile:

MARION DOWNED SPRING HILL IN HARD FOUGHT GAME.

Visitors Outweighed the Local Squad but Spring Hill Fought a Hard Game—Final Score was 16 to 5.

In far away the fastest, fiercest and the best game of the season the Marion College football team downed the Spring

Hill aggregation at Spring Hill College grounds yesterday afternoon to the tune of 16 to 5. The visitors scored two touchdowns, failing to kick goal on each occasion, succeeded in shoving their opponents' back over their goal line for a safety, and in kicking a goal from placement. Spring Hill's tally came as the result of a double pass pulled off to perfection.

The Perry county lads outweighed the Spring Hill boys by at least fifteen pounds to the man. One of the visiting coaches stated that his aggregation would average "about 140 pounds," but to say the least, this was a very conservative estimate.

Taken as a whole, the final score of 16 to 5 does not come anywhere near giving an adequate idea of the creditable showing made by the Spring Hill boys. The ball was in Marion's territory more than half the time and on more than occasion, with a different turn of luck, the local fans would have scored again.

The visiting aggregation's most consistent ground gainer was a tandem which was run at any point of their line. This play, it seemed, it was almost impossible for the Spring Hill boys to stop, without a gain. Pile up as they would and the gain was made just the same.

On her end runs, however, Marion was not near equal to the locals. Time after time, the Spring Hill ends and halves would pick out the runner who was carrying the ball when Marion was attempting an end run, and the runner would be downed before he reached the scrimmage line.

The game was called almost exactly at 3 o'clock. The two teams lined up, Marion kicking to Spring Hill. Howz, for the visitors, booted the leather to his opponents' fifteen yard line, but it was returned eleven yards before the runner was downed. Three successive downs failed by a few inches to net Spring Hill the necessary ten yards and the ball went to Marion on Spring Hill's thirty-five yard line.

Two line bucks netted the visitors seven yards. A forward pass which failed to work properly, gave the ball to Spring Hill on her own one yard line. Instead of punting

out of danger Spring Hill attempted to send W. Kevlin around and on a wide end run. Marion broke up the interference, tackled the runner, and threw him back across his own goal line.

Score—Marion 2; Spring Hill 0.

Spring Hill then put the ball in play, punting from their twenty-five yard line. Marion ran the ball back to Spring Hill's fifteen yard line before the runner could be downed. Three tries with their tandem working different parts of the Spring Hill line, netted the visitors the necessary gains to carry the ball over their opponents' goal line. Shannon was carrying the ball when it was carried over. Hardy missed rather a difficult try at goal.

Score—Marion 7; Spring Hill 0.

On the line up which followed, Spring Hill kicked to Marion whose runner was downed after reaching his sixteen yard line. Spring Hill then forced their opponents to kick by holding them for downs on Marion's twenty-two yard line; Spring Hill's ball near the center of the field. After two downs which gained little, the local lads attempted to punt. The kick was blocked, Marion falling on the ball.

With the ball on Spring Hill's thirty-four yard line, Marion sent Hardy around left end for a touchdown, Marion was off-side on the play, however, and the ball was brought back to the line of scrimmage, and then carried fifteen yards nearer Marion's goal line for the off-side play. Marion then shoved her opponents back to their own sixteen yard line. A fake place kick, cleverly turned into a forward pass, placed the ball on Spring Hill's two foot line. A line plunge and another touchdown had been made by the visitors. Again the Perry county lads failed to kick goal.

Score—Marion 12; Spring Hill 0.

For the remainder of this half the Spring Hill lads simply outclassed their opponents. The fighting was never in Spring Hill's territory. Four times in rapid succession the home



THE '14 VARSITY SQUAD.

Back Row—Camara, Breard, Frederic, Pardue, Nicrosi, R. Leveret, Mgr., Nelson, Vellin, Brown, Cady.

Back Field—Danos, H. Kevin, Kelly, W. Kevin.

Forwards—Fossier, Walsh, Capt., Barker, Lebeau, Supple, Bordelon, Riffel.

brigade managed to get the ball inside Marion's ten yard line. In each of these cases, however, Spring Hill was unable to put the ball over. Finally Marion punted, but the punt was short and Spring Hill got the ball on Marion's thirty-three yard line. Bordelon then went round right end for fifteen yards, when a double pass from H. Kevlin to Fossier carried the ball across the goal line for Spring Hill's first and only touchdown. A punt-out and kick at goal failed to increase the score.

Score—Marion 12; Spring Hill 5.

On the next kick off Marion kicked to Spring Hill, who immediately pulled off two of the neatest forward passes imaginable. The two passes carried the ball to Marion's fifteen yard line. With only a minute to play Riffel attempted to drop kick a goal, but failed.

Half over. Score—Marion 12; Spring Hill 5.

In the last half of the game, the teams battled fiercely up and down the field. Punting was frequent. The visitors finally managed to shove their lighter oponents within nineteen yards of their goal line, when Shannon and Hardy pulled off a neat goal from placement, Hardy doing the kicking. This ended the scoring. The honors were about even in the last half of the game.

Captain Walsh of Spring Hill was injured early in the game and was compelled to retire. Walet took his place. Walsh was playing a star game at the time of his injury, proving himself to be a field general of no small ability. W. Kevlin, at right half, also played a star game for the Hill lads, as did Danos, his running mate, and Kelly at full.

For the visitors, Hardy, Mabry and Shannon played star ball.

The line-up was as follows:

Marion.	Position.	Spring Hill.
Howze	left end	Riffel
Johnson	left tackle ...	Bordelon

Hillleft guard	Veltin
Nicholascenter... ..	Supple
Marshright guard	Barker
Jenningsright tackle	Walsh
Johnstoneright end....	Fossier
Carterquarterback	H. Kevlin
Shannonleft half	W. Kevlin
Hardyright half	Danos
Mabryfullback	Kelly

Officials—Referee, J. F. Carter, Jr.; umpire, Bernie McCay; field judge, Dr. P. H. Madler. Time of halves, 25 and 20 minutes.

Basket Ball

The basket ball season is upon us again, but we are ready for it, a large squad having been rounded into shape by constant practice. The men show good form and enthusiasts feel certain that a strong, quick team will represent Spring Hill in this line of athletics. Who these five will be has not yet been decided. Two of last year's 'Varsity, Danos and Walsh, have returned; both are fast, steady players, and this coupled with their experience and knowledge of the game is expected to be a tower of strength to S. H. C. The team will be coached again by Mr. Maxon and under his able management no doubt can be entertained for the success of the season. Three leagues are already in practice and the contesting fives seem evenly matched. The following players make up the leagues:

1st League.

A. Danos, Capt.....	C.....	J. Wogan, Capt.
S. Fabacher	F.....	W. Walsh,
A. Vizard	F.....	R. Breard,
T. Burns	G.....	D. Fossier,
J. Parslow	G.....	C. McMaster.

2nd League.

C. Schimpf	C.....	W. Kevlin, Capt.
W. Walsh	F.....	J. Brown,
H. Kevlin	F.....	C. Cady,
A. Veltin	G.....	C. Bordelon,
J. Duggan, Capt.	G.....	J. Nelson.

3rd League.

J. Wagner, Capt	C.....	S. Pardue, Capt.
E. Lebeau	F.....	J. Toomey,
D. Neely	F.....	O. Mistic,
S. Riffel	G.....	J. Murray,
F. Parslow	G.....	J. Becker.

Junior Division

Baseball

Were the Juniors on their return to College last September dead to the magic spell of this word? Not much! What a display of pent-up energy and enthusiasm when they hurriedly unpacked their bats and balls and began the search for teams! A big campaign was planned—leagues were formed and for two months the several diamonds were the scenes of hard fought contests.

In the first league the honors of guiding the teams fell to T. McDonough and M. Schneider. To the former was committed the task of restoring confidence to the Blues after their last season's disappointments and he made good. Having chosen a well balanced team, he carried them along through a succession of victories until they were far out of reach of the hard-fighting Reds.

The latter led by last year's victorious captain tried hard to add new lustre to the Reds' crown but they could not hold their ground against the steady disciplined attack of the Blues,

Second League

Very few of last year's players were left to the second league this year, still their places were ably filled by Third League recruits and new comers. Ducote captained the "Cardinals" while the "Tigers" were left to the care of Nelson. Both teams put up a great fight, the winning "Cardinals" being a least shade the better of the "Tigers."

Third League

The Third League this year is last year's fourth league. It was successfully steered through the season by two able captains. Adoue was chosen to lead the Red Birds and the Blue Jays were left to Clarence Touart. After a few games were played Adoue resigned the burdens of governing in favor of Leopold Valdes who led his men to final victory.

Junior Field Day

On Nov. 1st, in accordance with ancient tradition athletic contests were held by the Juniors. The weather was favorable, the interest was unflagging, and the prizes offered were certainly worth competing for. At the distribution of prizes in the Exhibition Hall, Rev. Fr. President complimented the winners and expressed his pleasure that such general earnestness was shown by the division in these athletic contests. The following is a list of the winners in various events according to their class.

100 Yard Dash.

A—B. Alvarez, J. Alvarez.

B—Stewart and Daly.

C—D. Braud, T. Hale.

D—Orsi, Gonzalez.

220 Yard Dash.

- A—B. Alvarez, J. Alvarez.
- B—Daly, Sandoz.
- C—Klingman, Dowe.
- D—Orsi, Roca.

50 Yard Dash.

- C—Braud, Schneider.
- D—McHardy, Gonzalez.

440 Yard Dash.

- A—Andrepoint, O'Connell.
- B—Stewart, Guerra.

Relay Races.

- A—Touart's Team.
- B—Stewart's Team, (2) Kelly's Team.
- D—McHardy's Team.

Pole Vault.

- A—Bodin, O'Connell.

High Jump.

- A—B. Alvarez, O'Connell.
- B—Gallagher, Neuburger.

Standing Broad Jump.

- C—Klingman, Dowe.
- D—Gonzalez, Orsi.

Running Broad Jump.

- A—O'Connell, Dossmann.
- B—Stewart, Kelly.
- C—Braud, Klingman.
- D—Orsi, McHardy.

Shot Put.

A—Andrepoint, B. Alvarez.

B—Dalbor, Stewart.

Hammer Throw.

A—Ball, Bodin.

S. F. Braud, Clerk of Course.

Foot Ball

The Junior eleven of '07 has been a source of admiration to its many friends who have watched with interest its victorious career. It was a perfect machine—light, fast and aggressive. At first, prospects for a representative team were unfavorable, but under the efficient coaching of Mr. Kearns, S. J., and through the obedient co-operation of the members, the team soon developed into a winning squad. The success of the team may be also ascribed to that often neglected element—practice, not a sort of “dress parade” but steady, constant and hard. The members of the team cannot be too highly congratulated on their diligent practicing—and as a reward—let them remember that they have added new lustre to athletics in the junior yard, and humiliated their often heavier opponents.

Each individual member of the squad did his part perfectly, though some starred above others.

The faultless passing of Black, the happy choice of plays by quarter-back Beary, the accurate forward passes and all-round play of Captain Touart, the heavy line plunges of the trio Touart, Braud and McDonough, the fleet-footed end runs of Dolson and McHardy and lastly the stone-wall qualities of the line—all went to form a fast and splendid team. May the little yard in the future ever maintain the high standard set them by the squad of '07.

Right end, J. McHardy; left end, J. Dolson; Right tackle, C. Brady; left tackle, B. Alvarez; right guard, W. Ducote; right guard, J. Bauer; quarter-back, A. Beary; left half-back,

T. McDonough; right half-back, A. Touart; full back, A. Braud.

Schedule, Junior Eleven.

Junion Team	0	vs. Independents	0
Junior Team	21	vs. Junior Scrubs	0
Junior Team	16	vs. Independents	4
Junior Team	5	vs. Blue Ribbons .. .	0
Junior Team	29	vs. U. M. I. 2nd Team	0
Junior Team	70	vs. Barton Academy 2nd Team...	9
Junior Team	35	vs. M. M. I. 2nd Team.....	0

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Yenni Hall Notes

To the readers of the **Review** and to all friends of the small boy, greetings from Yenni Hall.

Among the many surprises that awaited the arrival of the students this session was the opening of a Third Division in Yenni Hall. Yenni Hall is separated somewhat from the main building and here the younger members of the college enjoy all the advantages accruing to such a separation.

Long walks were quite a feature before the foot ball season set in. Every holiday would find us ready for an outing. Some of the boys had cameras and many a film told the story of a pleasant walk through the woods. "Jumping Jack Ravine" and the "Angels's Spring," names of places known only to Y. H. boys, were favorite places.

Foot ball "bugs" are quite numerous in Yenni Hall, and signals are all the go.

By the bye there is a reward of \$10 for the arrest and capture of the one who gave away signals in his sleep. Address Cap. Zondewey of Yenni Hall Varsity, Second Bed from Prefect's Room.

Talking about foot ball when you are called aside by a prefect and given a 100 lines,—are they side lines? Answer not found in Spalding's.

Wanted:—nose guards for those who have to stand at post with their nose against the wall. Address?

What has become of the trappers? Have all the squirrels been caught?

The new watch fobs bearing the College seal are very pretty. We noticed that quite a number of Y. H. boys are wearing them. Now we don't intend to "knock" but at the same time we can't understand why they have watches at all. There is absolutely no need for them, because in Yenni Hall whenever you want to know the time all you have to do is to borrow a parasol and take a look at Father Phillippe's sun dial. We are afraid the Y. H. boys are not consulting the dial often enough. Perhaps it is because they don't quite understand it.

Christmas is coming and none look forward to the holidays with more eagerness than the "kids." Can you blame us? Christmas is a season peculiarly ours but to let you know that we are not selfish we wish you all as merry a Christmas as we intend to enjoy.

Allan Colomb, 3rd Academic B.



Spring Hill College

Mobile, Alabama

SPRING HILL COLLEGE is built on rising ground, five miles distant from MOBILE, and elevated one hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level. It enjoys a constant refreshing breeze, which renders its situation both agreeable and healthy. The surrounding woods affords the most pleasant summer walks. A never failing spring at the foot of the hill, and within the College grounds, furnishes an abundant and lasting supply of water to the beautiful lake where the students may safely enjoy the beneficial exercise of swimming. Long experience has proved that, owing to its position, the College is entirely exempt from those diseases which prevail at certain seasons in the South.

The College was incorporated in 1836 by the Legislature of Alabama, with all the rights and privileges of a University, and empowered in 1840 by Pope Gregory XVI to grant degrees in Philosophy and Theology.

The Directors of the institution are members of the Society of Jesus, which, from its origin has devoted itself to the education of youth. They will endeavor to show themselves deserving of the confidence reposed in them by evincing on all occasions a parental solicitude for the health and comfort of those entrusted to their charge, by sparing no pains to promote their advancement and by keeping a careful and active watch over their conduct. The exercise of their authority will be mild without being remiss, in enforcing the strict discipline and good order so essential for the proper culture of both mind and heart. By this two-fold education, which is based upon Religion and Morality, they will exert all their energies not only to adorn the minds of their pupils with useful knowledge, but to instil into their hearts solid virtue and a practical love of the duties which they will have to discharge in after life.

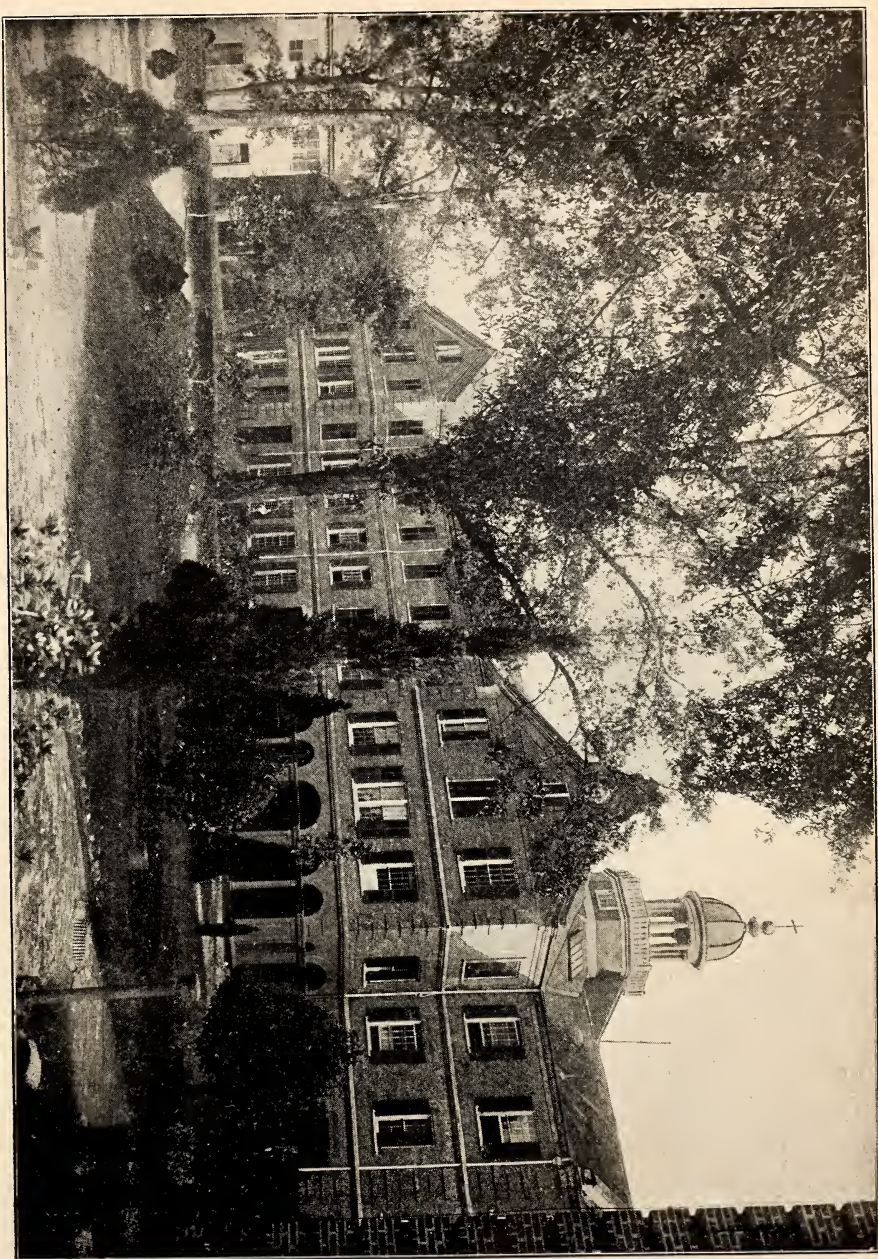
The public worship of the institution is that of the Catholic Religion; however, pupils of other denominations are received, provided that, for the sake of order and uniformity, they are willing to conform to the exterior exercises of worship.

The plan of the institution is established on a large scale, and is calculated to suit not only the wants but the progress of society. It consists of three principal courses under the name of PREPARATORY, ENGLISH and CLASSICAL.

French, German, Spanish, Italian, form separate courses, are optional, and are taught without extra charge.

Extensive grounds, spacious buildings, commodious class rooms, library, reading rooms, billard and recreation rooms, and the largest and best equipped college gymnasium in the South, afford every facility for the self-improvement and physical well-being of the student.

For Catalogue, etc., apply to REV. F. X. TWELLMEYER, S. J., President.



THE MAIN BUILDING.



REVIEW STAFF, 1908

H. Adams,	R. Levert,	S. Kelly,	G. LeBaron,	C. Olivier,	J. Deegan.
T. Burns,	W. Walsh,	R. Breard.	L. Austin,	J. Garber,	

Spring Hill Review

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NO. 2

Rejoice

Rejoice! 'Tis the Month of Mary,
'Tis the Month of Our Lady Fair,
'Tis the Month when the flower, from its dainty bower,
Heavenward wafts a prayer.

Rejoice! Ye birds in the woodland,
Warble your notes of praise,
For the Mother of Love in Heaven above,
Gives ear to your gladsome lays.

Rejoice! Ye brooks of the meadow,
Rejoice! Ye waters clear,
As ye hurry along, crooning your song,
For the Month of Mary is here.

Rejoice! Ye stars in the heavens,
Rejoice! Ye planets on high,
And to honor your Queen, let your shimmering sheen,
Glint through the purple sky.

Rejoice! Ye dear ones departed,
Rejoice! Ye awaiting souls,
'Tis the Month of the Mother of Jesus your Lover,
Who the sorrowful ever consoles.

Rejoice! Ye Angels in Heaven,
Rejoice! Ye Powers unseen,
Chant Ye the Hymn, Ye Seraphim,
'Tis the Month of our Spotless Queen,

Rejoice! 'Tis the Month of our Mother,
'Tis the Month of our Spotless Queen,
Emblem of Purity, our Nature's Security,
None fairer the Earth has seen.

A Difference in Destination

As Dalton alighted from the Pullman car, suit case in hand, he slipped a coin into the porter's palm and walked down the long board platform in search of the carriage which he had been assured would be waiting for him. The station's entire claim to be designated as such, rested, he observed, in the long board platform on which he stood and a small shed at the lower extremity with a large sign upon the nearest end of it. It was too dark to read the sign, but he knew it must be Silver Lake, the name of the place. As he drew near to the shelter he perceived that the immediate vicinity was devoid of all signs of life, and drew the logical inference that by some oversight the team had not been sent to meet him.

"Well, now this is a pretty mess," he mused, as he settled himself comfortably on the solitary wooden bench in a manner that belied his words, and watched the tail-lights of the train disappear around a bend in the road. He filled and lit his pipe and twirled the burnt match into a small ditch back of the platform.

"Wonder what's up anyway? He said positively that he would have the rig waiting for me." He drew out a large silver timepiece and by the light of another match discovered the hour. "Nine thirty. It couldn't be that my train was in ahead of time. No, no, trains don't run even on schedule down in these parts, much less ahead of it. Wish I had saved that confounded time-card though; seems to me it said we were due at Silver Lake 9:50. This old alarm clock of mine has kept good time for six years and I don't suppose it would fail me on the seventh." He puffed meditatively at his pipe and stretched out even more leisurely on the hard pine bench. He was not ill at ease, in fact for the present at least, he was enjoying himself. A half hour more or less didn't matter. He considered his sitting out there in the cool night air much preferable to dozing in the warm Pullman. So long as it wasn't over a half hour's wait it was all right.

"This isn't exactly what one would term a rousing wel-

come," he mused, without, however, any irony in his voice. He was thinking of his old college chum and classmate for whom he had ever had the best of feelings, and he would not allow the small inconveniences of the present moment to sour his usually urbane disposition. "Wonder if Hap supposed I would bring my auto down on the train with me. Auto! I'd look like a peach in anything outside of an ambulance auto, wouldn't I?" He laughed heartily at his own words and still continued to see the funny side of the situation. "Let's see how long it is since I saw the Old Boy. One year of thoughtful ease, three years medical college, one year hospital, total five years. Great cats, he is liable to be married and have children. What a horrible thought. Children! Heavens! I hope not; I hate the little imps. Rather poor sentiments for a young doctor, but then it's the truth. Well if somebody don't show up pretty quickly I'm going to move down the highway. Night air is not good for Little Willie's blood." He sat quietly for awhile and then suddenly started up, for down the track in the direction whence the train had disappeared he heard the rumbling noise which heralded the approach of another string of cars. He waited anxiously.

"Chances are it won't stop, but then it will seem like somebody is around, anyhow." The headlight of the train flashed around the curve and threw its blinding light full upon him and the little bare station. To his surprise the train slowed down as it approached and presently came to a stop beside the platform. Dalton wondered who was going to get off at Silver Lake and his face brightened at the thought of company. In a few minutes the conductor and trainman stepped out through the open door of the day coach supporting between them a badly intoxicated young man. The conductor shook his passenger by the shoulder.

"Come, sober up, this is your station. Be quick! We don't propose waiting here all night." The young man looked out on the small station in a drunken stare. "Ish 'ere a cab out 'ere, Cap'n?"

"Say," shouted the conductor to Dalton, are you waiting

for this chap?" The young doctor stepped to the car's edge and surveyed the man's face intently.

"No," he said laconically.

"Do you want to get off?" queried the trainman.

"No, it's too dark out there." Dalton went slowly back to the wooden bench and sat thinking deeply, heedless of the conductor's starting pull of the air cord and the rolling sound of the again moving train. If his double existed anywhere on earth, that inebriate he had just seen was surely he, for side by side his own mother wouldn't have been able to tell them apart. "That is," he jested, "if the beast was sober." Those on the train platform had not noticed the resemblance, for it was dark where he had stood and he had shaded his face with his hat to prevent them from observing it. His walking over to the car had been solely for the purpose of getting a better look at the drunken man. He was a sharp observer, and short as was the brief space in which he had seen him, he had noticed one distinguishing mark between them. When the passenger was speaking he had remarked a gold crowned tooth shining in the front part of his mouth. Dalton himself was not given to wearing golden crowns, either on his teeth or elsewhere. Gold of any kind represented alien metal to him. Besides his teeth were in shipshape condition and performed their work nobly, independent of any dentist's perquisites. He was still thinking of him when a highly caparisoned four seater, drawn by two lively horses stopped at the station and the coachman peering through the darkness said apologetically: "Sorry for the delay, sir. There has been a sudden change in the train schedule and I did not know it until too late. Your train was not due here for ten minutes yet."

Dalton jumped up and swung his suitcase into the carriage.

"Oh, that is all right. I didn't mind the wait. Just gave me time to smoke a couple of pipes out here in the cool night air." He sat down on the rear seat.

The coachman thought, "Two pipes in that short time. By my whip. He must be a regular furnace." Aloud he said,

"Are you ready sir?" and loosening the reins in response to Dalton's affirmative reply he started the team down the road.

"How is Mr. Happard?" asked Dalton. The coachman was puzzled. The man must be drunk. "Just as I imagined. I said he had a drunkard's face when I saw his picture." Aloud, "Oh, he is very well, thank you, sir."

"Married yet?"

"No sir, not yet, but"——

"But what? Soon?"

"Yes sir. To-morrow morning."

"The mischief!"

"No sir, Miss Schnell."

Immediately Dalton's morose forebodings about Happard being married and having a house full of kids returned to him. He was thinking this so earnestly that he became absent-minded.

"Where did that last train come from?" he questioned.

The coachman changed his opinion. No, the man was not drunk, he was insane. Asking such a question about the train he had come down on.

"From Achillon," he responded disgustedly.

There was an extended silence, the carriage rumbling on over the rough road. Why surely they should have reached the house by this time. It began to dawn upon Dalton's mind that something was wrong, somewhere. Happard had written that his villa was a few minutes' drive from the station and over the best road in the state. "Bah. This isn't the first of April. Wish he would reserve his April Fool Jokes for more opportune occasions."

"Say, Comics, are we ever going to get to the house?"

"We'll be there in about a half hour now, sir."

"A half hour! Thunderation!" He sighed resignedly and relapsed into a quiescent attitude. "In manus Tuas, Domine," he said, half aloud.

"Plumb daffy!" decided the coachman.

Dalton lit a cigarette. "Say" leaning over and whispering in the coachman's ear, "is smoking allowed in the city limits?" The driver grunted. The doctor again dropped into

silence. After a time they passed several showy cottages and the road gave signs of improvement. Through a gap in the trees Dalton could see the dull gray of the lake. They were evidently drawing near to their destination and he was glad of it. Doubtless the coachman was too. They passed a small hotel which had an electric light burning dimly in the office. Dalton made a mental note of the hostelry and its surroundings. "Nothing like knowing the lay of the land," he informed himself. A small distance farther down the road he could distinguish a large, well illumined building. The coachman nodded towards it.

"That's the house, sir."

Dalton's mind was still busy with the hotel. "What house?"

"Why, Miss Schnell's, sir."

"Oh I see." Still really ignorant of what his informant had said. In a few minutes they stopped in front of it.

Dalton saw a woman moving out to the carriage. He could not make out her face in the darkness, but he was sure she was a stranger to him. The queer feeling that something had gone awry again returned to him. He reassured himself. Doubtless this was Hap's wife. He stepped out on the road.

"How do you do!" he said, offering his hand. The woman advanced timidly, even somewhat gawkishly, and dropped a long bony hand tremulously in his own.

"Oh I—I am so g-g-glad you have c-c-come." The darkness hid Dalton's confusion. Paralyzed with amazement he was led into the house. Heaven's! Wouldn't the April Fool joke ever end? In the hall he got a look at her face and in his own mind commenced a vicious attack upon Hap's taste. The woman was fifty, if a day, and she was not a person who carried her age well either. Her face was wrinkled and wizened and her general appearance was that of one who had shrunk away to one-half her natural size. Not knowing it was Hap's wife he would have sworn she was a man-hating old maid.

"Where is Hap?" he asked boldly.

The woman eyed him in surprise. Why—er—y-you

m-must mean Ha-ha-happy, don't you? He-here he is now." Just then a large St. Bernard romped through the back door straight into the room. Dalton, who had just about arrived at the conclusion that he was in the wrong house, stood immovable, wondering whether he was supposed to know the dog or not. You can fool a person but not a canine, and the young doctor knew full well that the pup would detect the masquerade. He determined to disillusionize her and accordingly turned to address her. She was bending over his baggage, examining the initials on it.

"I fear there has been a great mistake," began Dalton nervously.

"Y-y-yes I-I just n-no-noticed the J. E. D. on the suitcase. How a-aw-awkward of y-you to m-m-make such a b-b-blunder."

"No, no, let me explain. I don't mean"—

"H-hush, don't w-w-worry about it now. You c-c-can ar-r-range about that to-morrow."

The St. Bernard, seeing the friendly attitude of his mistress toward the stranger, wagged himself up to him and began licking the young man's hand. Then growing more affectionate, he reared upon his hind legs and placed his great paws on Dalton's shirt-front. He was discountenanced in these overtures by a slap from the hostess. "D-d-down! You n-n-naughty Happy." Then turning to Dalton. "C-c-come and have s-s-some s--su-supper and then you can re-t-tire to your r-r-room, and I won't bother you any more." Dalton realized that it was no use; Fate ruled it thus. He followed her without rebel. After all, he must get something to eat, for he hadn't had a morsel of food since dinner. But if he only knew who he was, or rather was supposed to be, he could feel more at ease. He sat down to a dainty, appetizing supper, with the freakish looking woman occupying a seat at the other side of the little table. The food cheered him, and whatever the game, he decided to play it to the limit. His companion did not attempt to burden him with conversation, but during the entire meal she never once raised her eyes off him. Dalton was not in the least embarrassed. Had she

been younger and better looking, her gaze would have disconcerted him, but as it was he ate heartily of what was placed before him for in this at least, he felt that he was doing what the other fellow, whoever he was, would do if he were there. When he had finished supper his hostess led him again into the hallway where the butler was waiting to show him to his apartment. Dalton spied his suitcase in a corner and made a dive for it. The old woman looked surprised.

"W-w-why w-w-what can y-y-you want with it if it isn't yours?"

"But it is mine," said Dalton, "I wanted to explain a while ago and you wouldn't let me. Those initials are my father's." He entirely forgot the fact that a man's last name is usually the same as that of the pater familias.

"B-b-but how could your f-f-fa-father's f-fa-family name be different from y-y-yours?"

"It is my step-father," which last clinched the argument. The young man started up the stairs. "Well, good night," he called back cheerily.

"G-g-good night."

Dalton was shown to his room, a large well furnished apartment at the front of the building on the second floor. The butler having switched on the lights withdrew. For the first time Dalton was alone. His initial precaution was to lock the already closed door. Then he began pacing around the room, examining the pictures on the wall, the bric-a-brac on the mantel, the statuettes and various other nick-nacks. Quite unexpectedly he came to a large, framed, three quarters photo of himself hanging over the mantel. Dalton gazed in surprise. "It is I," he mumbled, "and yet it isn't I." He took the picture down and bringing it over beneath the light, scrutinized it closely. At once he noticed some initials beneath the likeness and saw immediately they were not his own. And yet who could bear such a striking resemblance to himself? Surely, the Lord didn't make people so much alike. The man in the frame had his lips open in a half smile. Dalton took another good look, and whether the photograph was an exceptionally good one or whether it was his own imagina-

tion deceiving him, he thought he saw a gold crowned tooth prominent in the mouth. Like a flash there recurred to his mind the drunken fellow on the train. This settled the matter quite satisfactorily to Dalton. Two there might be of the self-same stamp, certainly not three. But it still left him in a quandry as to his own position.

Having finished his tour of inspection he dropped into a chair and gave himself up in thought. At his left was a small study table and on it were arranged in order a file of newspapers. The title of one sheet caught his eye. "The Matrimonial Appeal," he read. Ordinarily he would have tabooed anything bearing such a title, but under the circumstances he determined to investigate. He grabbed the paper with an eager hand and spread it out before him. He found it to be a medium of communication between prospective entrants into the connubial state. To a man of Dalton's temperament, this was not only foolish, but also disgusting. Nevertheless he glanced over each page somewhat carefully, expecting to find he knew not what. On the fifth sheet the word Schnell caught his eye and held it. The appellation struck him as being familiar, and immediately halting his reading process he commenced guessing as to where he had heard it before. It was not long before he recalled the connection. The coachman's informatory remarks came back to his mind. "To be married to Miss Schnell," and "Miss Schnell's house" kept repeating themselves to his befogged brain. "By Hannibal! I must be in Miss Schnell's abode right now," he thought. "Oh yes, what a delightful muddle. But Hap! What in the name of—Great potato bugs! What's this!

"Young woman of 26, handsome, well to do, lovable disposition, would like to enter into correspondence with gentleman having matrimonial intentions. Must be temperate, refined, intelligent, and kind. Looks no consideration. Address: Miss Alora Schnell, P. O. Box Z, Hamlin, State."

Dalton threw the paper back on the table. If he was absent minded he was by no means slow witted and was quite expert at putting two and two together. The situation had

suddenly dawned upon upon him and he realized clearly the queer dilemma in which he was placed. Every link in the chain of events was firmly welded together. Instead of being in Silver Lake as he had thought, he was in Hamlin, a town at the other extremity of the 20-mile lake on which it was situated. Miss Schnell, who had inserted the advertisement in the "Matrimonial Appeal," had been expecting her fiance on the very evening on which he had by mistake gotten off his train at Hamlin. The drunken man on the south-bound local was the prospective bridegroom and it was for him he had been mistaken. Considering the striking resemblance he could pardon the error. All the oddities of the situation were again shown to him, this time strikingly lucid. The anti-schedule train, the long wait at the station, the passenger who looked so much like him, the eccentric coachman, the lengthy ride to the house, the queer actions of Hap's wife; all of these were now explained, and he understood his present difficulty. Knowing what he did helped him somewhat, though it did not in the least assist in extricating him. He was still an intruder, if an unwilling one, in a stranger's house, and was not as yet aware how he was going to get out without exposing his nescient deception and imposition. He never had the slightest idea of going to Miss Schnell and disclosing the fraud. While it might have been the proper thing, it was out of the question. He would never be able to summon enough courage to undeceive her. If it were a man it would be different, but as it was he banished the thought. There was only one thing to do and that was to escape during the night. First he wrote a short note explaining as best he could the mistake he had made and asking pardon for the blunder. Then having turned off the lights he threw himself on the bed and determined to wait until he was sure everybody had retired.

After almost an hour's time he arose and cautiously approached the window. Raising the curtain he gazed out upon a beautiful moonlit night. This was the first obstacle in the way of his escape, for should he be detected leaving the house via the window he would doubtless be taken for a thief and

shot, or at least shot at, the effects of the gunning depending on the accuracy of the man with the fire-arm. But Dalton's mind was made up and he decided to take his chances. A few feet below his window was the slanting roof of the front porch. Its slope was not steep and he knew that he could without difficulty make his way to its edge and then climb down one of the posts. The night was not a perfectly clear one and now and then the moon was darkened by masses of cloud passing across its face. Dalton having unlocked the door to facilitate their discovery of his note on the morrow, waited for the next disappearance of the moon. He kept constant watch out of the window and as soon as the clouds shut off the light he grasped his suitcase and groped his way to the roof's edge. Dalton had not before realized the hardships of his descent, but now they dawned upon him in their full force. To let oneself down from a shingle roof and descend to the ground fifteen feet below by means of a porch post is no easy task, but when impeded by a large suitcase it assumes ugly proportions. At college Dalton had been a finished athlete as far as base-ball, foot-ball, track work or basket-ball was concerned, but the only feat he could perform in the gym with any laudable degree of skill was the manipulation of the chest machines, and anybody could do that. Little wonder, then, that the task of going down from the porch top suddenly took on gigantic dimensions. He was in grievous doubt as to the disposition of his suitcase. To drop it to the ground would simplify his task, but it might also arouse some one in the house, perhaps the huge St. Bernard he had seen earlier in the evening. Here an awful thought seized hold of his mind. Suppose the dog was kept outside, as every respectable dog should be, and was at that moment prowling around the house. In the meanwhile the clouds were passing rapidly over the sky and the young man realized that in a little while the clear white light would throw him into relief up there on the roof. He was not used to the lime-light, so determined to vacate his too conspicuous position. He acted quickly. By turning his luggage loose over the roof-edge he settled the manner of his down-coming. With a heavy thud the portmanteau hit

the ground and in accordance with his direst forebodings was answered by a long, loud wail from the St. Bernard somewhere in the back of the house. Hesitation would now mean ruin, so Dalton edged his way over the edge of the projecting shingles and resting on his elbows began feeling with his feet for the post below. Much to his chagrin he found he could not secure a tight hold upon it. In the first place the post was about two feet in from the roof's edge, and in the second there was a broad, deep board running the length of the verandah, fastened to the post immediately beneath the shingles. Dalton was just barely able to lock his legs around the post. But what was he to do? He felt that he could not turn back, for he felt that he would never again be able to raise himself to the roof, and besides there was his baggage below on the grass. Grass! By Jove, the thought gave him new courage. He would attempt the descent and if he did fall he was sure of not landing on a brick wall. Slowly he began lowering himself, all the while keeping his feet as firmly locked as a pair of slippery patent leather boots would permit. When he had advanced to such an extent that he was merely gripping the roof edge tightly with his fingers and his knees were pressing either side of the post, he decided to take the decisive step and let go. He did. All his calculations had assured him that as soon as he loosened his grasp he would shoot down the post and be able to check himself before reaching the balustrade of the porch. Our best schemings, however, are sometimes upset, and so were Dalton's. Likewise, their inventor. As soon as the young man released his hold on his support, having only that part of his legs below his knees locked around the post to stay him, the weight of his body was too great and he immediately fell over backwards. Almost simultaneously he lost his hold on the post and was precipitated rather heavily to the ground. At once there was another furious outburst of barking from the St. Bernard. Dalton was only temporarily stunned and picking himself up to discover that he had landed on his suitcase. Grabbing this and his traveling cap which had fallen to the ground he made a hasty exit from the front gate. He was

not going forth blindly or without plans. In a short while he reached the little hotel he had so particularly noticed while passing it in the carriage. As he stepped in the door a man apparently in somewhat of a hurry was just coming out. They stared at each other in the faint light of the night lamp. Both uttered exclamations of surprise.

"Hap."

"John."

It was Happard. They went arm in arm into the hotel and registered for the night. Dalton was much amazed at finding his friend in Hamlin, and as soon as they were in the privacy of the hotel's best room, the young man demanded an explanation.

"Oh, that's easy, John. When I did not see you get off the train at Silver Lake I made inquiries of the conductor and learned that a young fellow answering your description had been put off by mistake at Hamlin. I immediately got out my car, and as the distance over here is much less by road than it is on the water, the lake being in the form of a crescent, it was only the matter of an hour or so to reach here. I was just hastening to the only other hotel in this town in search of you when we met on the porch."

Dalton then related his own adventures and after that the two friends retired. Early the next morning they set out in Happard's car, and it was not long before Dalton saw the real Silver Lake, the real "best road" in the state, and the real Happard mansion. All except the real Mrs. Happard. He did not see her, for as yet there was none.

SAM'L. L. KELLY, '09.

Memories of Youth

My heart is filled with joy once more to be with you
And talk of olden times beneath this tow'ring yew;
To gaze upon this rolling spread of meadows fair,
Here where we freed our minds from every schoolboy care.
Oh! how this fills my heart with thoughts of happy days,
Of days which have abode with me in all my wand'ring ways!

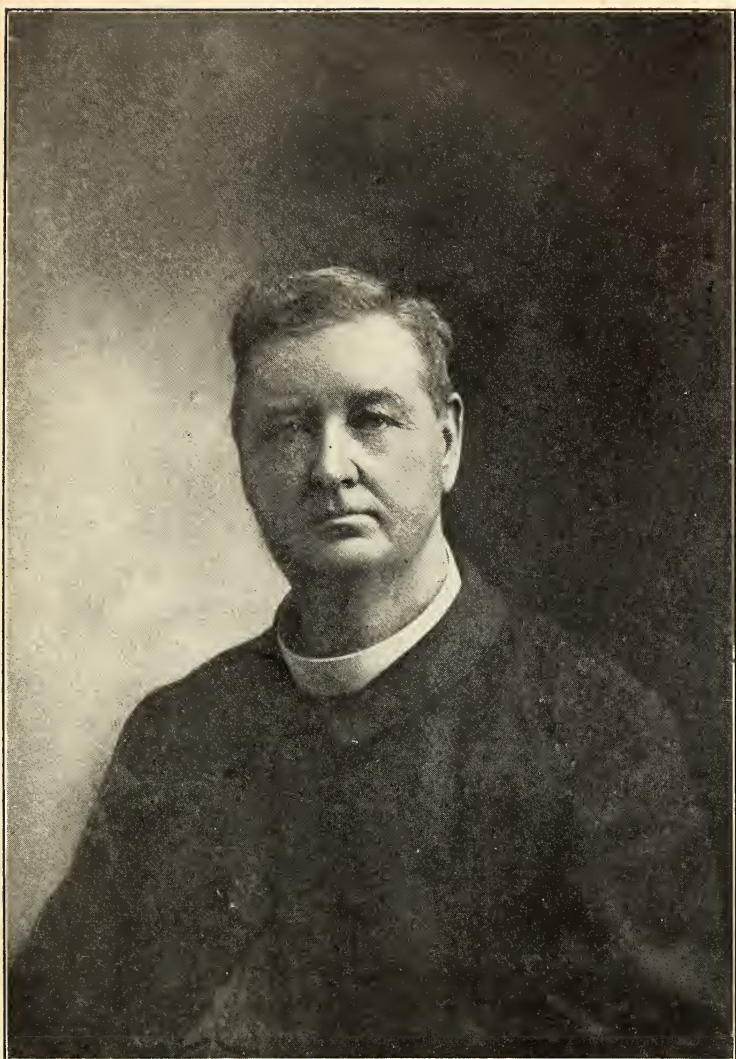
The old school house still stands beneath the giant oak,
Which, too, still stands defying time's destructive stroke—
That oak, whose shade beguiled our mirthful hours and play,
And waving branches hummed the lessons of the day,
Beneath the master's eye—whose soul from earth has fled—
We wrote our tasks—We held his birchen rod in dread.

Yon fringe of dark green leaves—they trace the windings of
the creek.

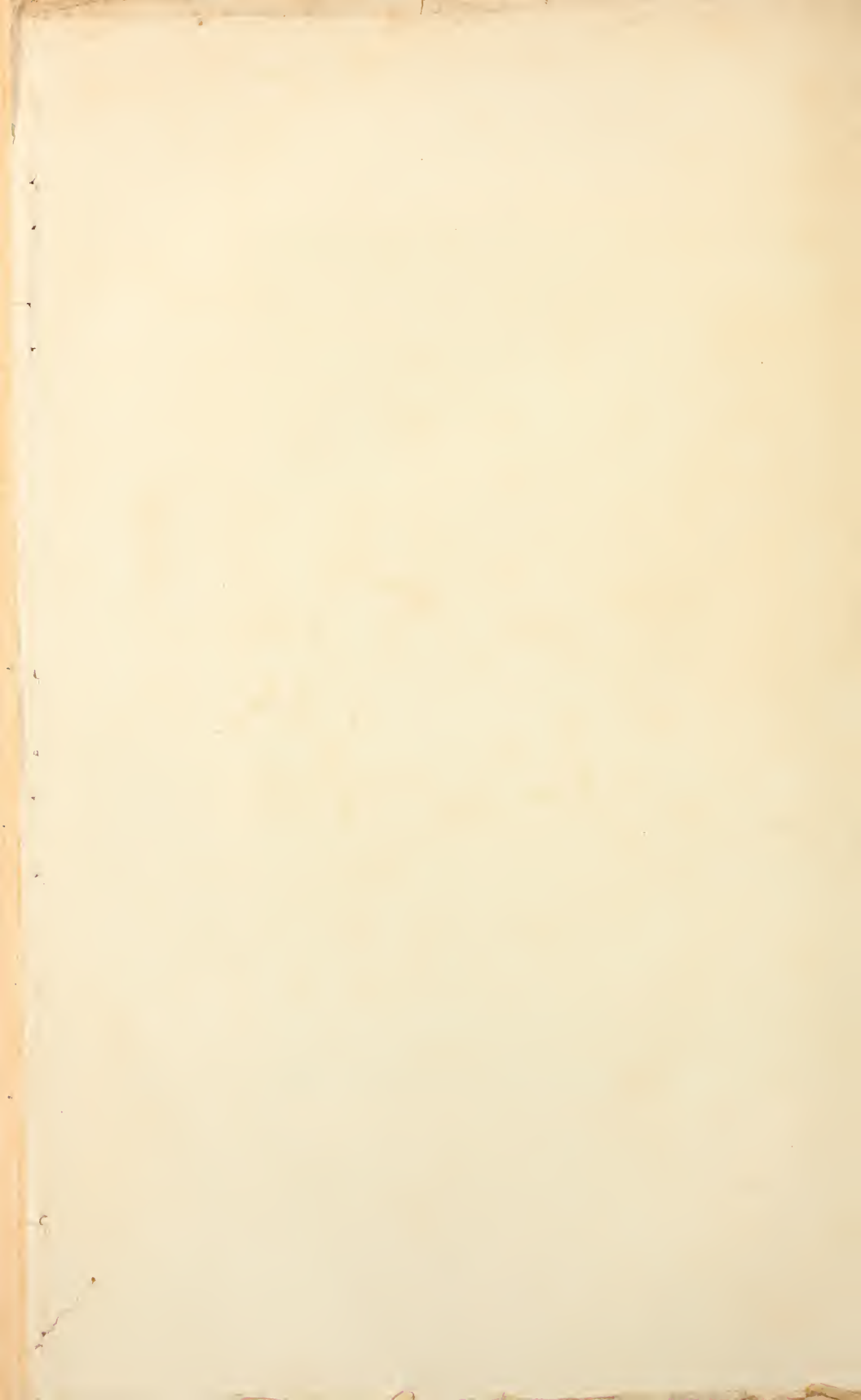
Within whose crystal depths we idle boys did seek
The pleasure of a stolen swim some summer day,
And e'en prolonged the theft till ev'ning's shadows grey
Crept o'er the mead—We culprits stole our homeward way
To dream and plan a second swim th' ensuing day.

See, how the morning sun still gilds the village height
As on those other morns, when lured by its bright light,
We truant lads did quite forget our way to school
And spent the golden hours swimming in the pool.
With joyous shouts we made the very woodlands ring—
Our rippling laughter speeding on the echo's wing.

How swift remembrance travels o'er the past!
Our candy feast in memory sweet doth last,
Though there appeared upon the field a swarm of bees,
To charge and drive us from our spoil with wondrous ease.
Not even Leo stayed, Leo the brave and bold,
We ran and plunged into the running waters cold.



REV. E. KIRWAN, D. D.



Defeated not dismayed we charged our winged foes,
And many warriors fell beneath our deadly blows,
But hornets have a tooth for sweets, so back they came.
Nor failed their poisoned darts with never erring aim.
It seems to me I feel their burning stings e'en now
As many as the drops from water laden bough.

Once more to meet my friends of youth, it joys my heart,
Friends whom I left to visit nations and their art.
In all my wandering far and wide my soul did feel
The pang of separation—'Twas a dart of steel.
O native hills! O limped pool! I come to thee,
To nestle there in everlasting amity.

CHARLES A. OLIVIER, '09.

Father Kirwan

Father Edward Kirwan, D. D., an old and esteemed friend of Spring Hill College, died Jan. 29th, 1908, at the rectory of St. Patrick's Church, Mobile. His advanced years and failing health deprived him of the strength to resist an attack of la grippe, which in turn aggravated his older maladies, and the end came speedily though not unexpectedly.

A life more uneventful and at the same time more full of beneficent influence it would be hard to imagine. In the early years of his ministry Fr. Kirwan was pastor, first at Whistler, and later in Huntsville, Ala., but for the past thirty-one years, he has been without interruption in charge of St. Patrick's. He was noted among the clergy for his intellectual power and solid learning, and endeared himself to many outside his flock by the kindly and sympathetic qualities of his heart. There was a touching proof of the love he inspired when, in spite of the driving rain, the people filled the church to overflowing and thronged the streets at his funeral. It was the loving care and patient zeal of the old pastor that had won their hearts, so that his loss was felt like that of a father.

Spring Hill College in 1905 conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on Fr. Kirwan and the title well became a man of his known worth and abilities. His works follow him—but they remain also and will not soon be forgotten by the people among whom he labored so long and so devotedly.

J. T. BAUER, '11.



The Problem of Life

Among the numerous philosophical subjects at our disposal very few occupy a more prominent position than Happiness. The subject owes much of its importance to the fact that the human race, from the youngest to the oldest, has at all times been its most abject slave. With a domineering power the search for Happiness has held us bound, governing with despotic sway the destiny of our proclivities. Try to the utmost of our ability, we cannot get rid of it—Nature has so ordained and ever through life's varied ways will the hope of Happiness loom up against the dark horizon of despair. In the lovely blossom of childhood, in the "May morning of youth," and in the hoar-colored locks of old age, Happiness is our first, last and only desire. The dark and dreadful tears of sorrow and despondency must ultimately yield to joyful laughter of perfect contentment. The inevitable must come to pass, so must melancholy fade away before the sweet sunshine of bliss to come.

As different men pursue different courses to gratify their inclinations, as they follow the respective bent of their wills, endeavoring to obtain Happiness, a casual observer would infer that each man is the measure of his own Happiness and that there is no fixed rule to determine it. Not so with the philosopher. He fathoms the inmost meanings of the word with astonishing profundity and sounds the keyboard of experience with a master's touch. Thus did Aristotle deal with Happiness, bringing all the powers of his great and subtle mind into play to define the word. To that vast intellect we owe the following definition: "Happiness is a bringing of the soul to act according to the habit of the best and most perfect virtue, i. e., the virtue of the speculative intellect borne out by easy surroundings and enduring to length of days.

By taking the clay of the earth, shaping and breathing into it, the great Jehovah created the first man. He gave with his boundless munificence a Will, an Intellect, the Senses and the Passions, including an immortal desire for Happiness.

Thus from the first day that man's eye scanned the boundless expanse of God's creation we see that desire evident. Walking about the garden of Eden gazing upon the wonderful beauty of the lands over which he held dominion—gazing upon the virgin earth, pure and fresh from the hands of its Maker, without a competitor for these magnificent possessions, do we find Adam enjoying perfect Happiness? No, for in him there was an undefined want urging for more—and he sinned and fell. The father of the human race attempted what was futile, he heard not the command, "So far on the road to Happiness shalt thou go and no further," and he needed experience to teach him.

If this man, blessed with all the luxuries which a propitious Providence can bestow and so otherwise signally favored by the Almighty, found not perfect Happiness here below, can we, the less favored people of the present century, expect to find it? Can we, knowing the transitory pleasures which are at our command must fade away, look forward to a state of perfect Happiness here on earth? Surely not, for the Will of a powerful Judge has ordered otherwise and we must inevitably submit.

The glory of Napoleon, the wealth of Croesus, the genius of Caesar and the wisdom of Solomon, even if multiplied a hundred-fold, cannot satisfy man. Some day perhaps not far distant, maybe to-morrow, we must answer the summons of death.

"Scepter and crown
Must tumble down.
And in the dust be equal made,
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

The cold and relentless Reaper will surely come and claim all that is mortal of man. There is no escape—no avenue by which the inevitable can be brushed aside. Postponement will avail nothing, for it is limited to a few short hours and then we must cease to be. Does Happiness lie in this life which has a consummation so soon? Does beatitude consist in a few short years of glory, pomp and even content-

ment? Most certainly not, for the everlasting desire is in-born in us. The thought of one hour, nay of one second of pain causes perfect Happiness to vanish. We begin to feel miserable, but the craving for the immortal still remains. The mark is indelible, we cannot erase it.

The strong and robust man exulting in his physical prowess—dreading not even the cold and clammy visage of Death itself, is he happy? The days of his prime are fast fleeting and soon he feels the ebbing of that treasured strength. He yearns to be once more in the field to compete against his former efforts, but in vain. Energy has spent itself and must succumb. He wants to be happy, but happiness comes not to give a full embrace. A lonely hand is stretched out to resuscitate the weakened constitution that yearns for more. Similarly the victorious General. He who made the country tremble at the sound of his name discerns the alluring smiles of ambition and fame invite and flatter him, and with an insatiable desire he plunges on. Countries, rulers and riches are at his feet, still he is not satisfied. Happiness still hovers over the border, beckoning on, yet unreachd. The pursuit of pleasure least of all tends to appease man's appetite. Even the voluptuary, dazzled by the exuberance of momentary pleasures, soon tires of this life. The dull monotony plays on his nervous system, the constitution weakens and apathy to life sets in. The world to him is false and to other shores must he wander to find the treasure.

All of these classes—the wealthy, the honored and the pleasure-seeking may be envied by the rugged son of painful toil. He only sees the supposed smile of Providence gently beaming down upon them, radiating health and happiness. But could he fathom the meaning of that wrinkled brow and stooped shoulder, would not his envy turn to pity? The powerful monarch with the jeweled crown upon his fair forehead is slowly being crushed under the weight of responsibility. The assassin's bomb or the revolutionist's sword are not transient dangers—the grave alone can free him and give peace unto his troubled soul. Now does the working man gaze with discontent upon this powerful potentate? No, far

from it, for sweet content and safety are his—the assassin haunts not the cabin.

A pertinent illustration of the craving for beatitude presents itself in our every-day life. The condemned murderer, breathlessly waiting the summons which calls him forth to an ignominious death, longs for a speedier entrance into the Happiness this world knows not of. Every minute to him is now like hours of dreadful torture. His victim's face, horribly distorted, with glassy and blood-besmeared eyes, looms up to his strained imagination. Life is unbearable and death of strangulation by his own hand is preferable. And why does he suicide? Directly, that the misery of this world might fade away, and indirectly that his soul may speedily enjoy Happiness. Though a violation of God's "canon 'gainst self-slaughter," it manifests a wish to end sorrow, pain and misfortune and to take the chances of being happy elsewhere. Many more indeed would risk this lottery if something within did not bid them forbear. "But that dread of something after death," remarks Hamlet, "puzzles the will, and makes us rather bear these ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of."

Man uses his best endeavor to acquire the ever-eluding prize. To possess it he puts forth his best exertions. At last he tears down the veil of the future and with gladdened eyes finds that it lies in man's power to obtain it. Not on earth, however, but in the realms of "eternal peace" with God.

Among the tribes of New Zealand, of Asia and Africa, where civilization is yet a stranger, the existence of a future life is undoubted. These ignorant and superstitious peoples also look forward to a Promised Land where health, plenty and contentment abound. When a prince or a ruler leaves this life it is customary among these savages to have somebody accompany him to his new abode. Naturally those nearest and dearest to him are selected and consequently twenty, forty or a hundred wives, as the case may be, of the deceased potentate are immolated. These women display incredible cheerfulness and willingness at their fate, for they

are confident of exchanging this life for a more blissful one or at least, for another one.

If there were no hereafter to enjoy ourselves, we would be pitiable indeed. What good would we derive from being rational creatures possessed with a desire for endless beatitude, if our destination was nothingness? The absurdity is evident. Once uphold the pernicious doctrine of annihilation, and self-destruction is the only sensible means left to the afflicted and suffering.

“For he who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,
The pangs of despis’d love, the law’s delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns,
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make,
With a bare bodkin.”

So far we have seen that the desire for perfect Happiness is universal, that the rational spirit which animates man and elevates him above the brute is the spring from which this desire emanates. And also that it lies in the power of man to attain on earth, not beatitude, but only contentment. Some Happiness is within the reach of man’s eager arms, but the degree of perfection eludes the grasp and fades like phantoms before a disordered imagination. Nature outdoes herself in implanting a desire she cannot pacify, and much would be the confusion resulting from such circumstances if the knowledge of the soul’s immortality was hidden from us.

Now that perfect Happiness cannot be obtained on earth, our thoughts naturally soar to celestial objects and lose themselves in wondrous contemplation. In the beginning, we said that God breathed into man and gave him among other things, an Intellect and Will. Now for the intellect, which constitutes the chief or rational part of man, to obtain perfect Happiness, nothing but perfect truth, perfect goodness, perfect beauty and perfect unity can suffice. Without these the intellect wanders aimlessly about. These alone are ade-

quate to meet the exigencies of the mind. These alone will stifle the insatiate yearning that overpowers man. And among the first truths grasped by the beginner in philosophy, is that God, the self-existent and necessary Being, is one—true—beautiful and good. He has not these qualities, but he is these. In Him only are they to be found. From such ample premises it is seen with admirable perspicuity that only in God, the True, the Beautiful and the Good, can perfect Happiness be found. Beatitude is a stranger to this earth, for God and Heaven are its abode.

Since we have seen that the mighty and powerful Ruler of the vast universe is the one fountain wherein we may partake of eternal bliss, it would repay us if we lingered around its soothing waters. It might be difficult and tiresome to lead an exemplary life, but is not the reward sufficient? By so doing we draw nearer to God, we approach the Ideal and must therefore be near true Happiness—the Happiness which only the Lord of Hosts can give.

WM. A. SCHMITT, '08.



An April Day

O! An April day is the day for me
When my spirit's light and my soul is free,
For the winter drear is no longer here,
And its damp and gloom lie dead in the tomb;
And the bright sun shines with his cheerful ray—
There's a joy in life on an April day!

O! An April day is the day for me,
When the mating birds in their gladsome glee
Shake musical notes from their bursting throats,
Till the woodlands ring with the songs they sing,
And dear Mother Earth grows glad and gay,
And the Old World young on an April day!

O! An April day is the day for me,
When the glorious sky is a deep blue sea
Wher the cloud-ships go now fast, now slow,
By the fresh breeze fann'd, they move or stand,
And then like a phantom fade away—
Those ghost-white clouds of an April day!

O! An April day is the day for me,
With its sights and its sounds and its harmony;
When each thirsty flow'r drinks the fresh'ning show'r;
And the mother-birds all to their fledglings call;
And the lambs in the meadows frisking play—
Like a poet's dream is an April day!

O! An April day is the day for me,
When my soul soars aloft in flight more free,
To the God of love whose throne is above,
And whose footstool grand is the flow'r-decked land;
Then all that is best in my soul doth pray
And I praise God most on an April day!

“EYON.”

"Ogilby's Japan"

In a lower shelf of the Library I had often seen a book with this title in faded letters on the back. It looked like an Atlas, so I never had opened it, and indeed no fingers seemed ever to disturb the dust that rested on its edges. But now my curiosity was aroused. The front pages of the daily papers have Japan in large type every day. The war with Russia is over, but do not our patriotic editors tell us that Japan is silently invading the Pacific Coast, pouring her veterans into Hawaii, planning to seize Manila, control China and dominate the Pacific? I took the volume, a ponderous folio of four hundred and eighty-eight pages, and looked at the title. The title filled a page—

"Atlas Japannensis being remarkable addresses by way of Embassy from the East India Company of the United Provinces to the Emperor of Japan with the characters of the Ancient and Modern Japanners; collected by Arnoldus Montanis, Englished and adorned with above a hundred several sculptures by John Ogilby Esq. master of his Majesty's revels in the Kingdom of Ireland."

It was published in London in 1670. The book is dedicated to "The Supream, most High and Mighty Prince Charles II" by the translator. The name of Atlas is misleading to modern readers, as the book has no maps but plenty of pictures. The Compiler, Montanus, was evidently determined to make a book and display his erudition. To fill his pages, he has gathered together scraps from all the ancient writers, Greek and Latin, that could in the remotest way be thought to refer to the subjects he introduces in the course of his narrative. The book begins with an account of Heaven and Earth, and next carefully disperses the nations from the tower of Babel. The author mentions the compass and proceeds to quote a dozen lines of Vergil. Columbus, "the Neptunian Hero," is introduced in close proximity to the voyagers Ulysses and Aeneas, and in the proper matter of the narrative, the writer makes history where he does not find it.



Horse Racing in Japan
"Japan Rusticks"

A few curious items which may prove interesting to our readers are given in the reformed Carnegie spelling of the Seventeenth Century.

The author is as credulous as he is pedantic and has made not a history or an Atlas or a chronicle of travels but a "Book of Wonders" as he himself styles it in his dedication. The account of the embassy occupies but a small portion of the volume and merely serves the author as a sort of lay figure on which to display his quaint and useless learning.

One piece of curious information is given about horse racing in the Japan of those days. Perhaps it still exists in the same form to-day, though it is likely that in imitating western manners, they may have imported the tout, book-maker and jockey of our own civilized sport.

"The prize which they run for is commonly two pair of Wax'd Boots, made fast to Woodden Clogs, Platted with Silver; he that runs hath a thin Silk Habit, Laced close about the middle, their sleeves reaching down to their elbows, their Breeches being wide are tied up above the middle of their Thighs like Trunk-Hose; on their legs they wear Buskins of Silk; when they are ready the Drummers beat, and the signal being given, they start, the race being betwixt a Man and a Horse, they thus perform; The Man holds the Horse by a single Rein drawn out, with which he must not straiten, nor hold in the Horse, who runs at his full speed, and the man by him, when drawing near the goal, the fore-mentioned Posts and Cord, the Horse and he must leap over at once together; which done, with equal dexterity, he gains the proposed Reward or Prize, which if he fail, making a feeble or no performance, he not only looseth the glory of the Victory, but also all manner of Court-Preferment."

The next is worthy of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. The Emperor's nephew and heir to the throne, made his chief pastime consist in chopping off heads. The old Emperor began to be alarmed for himself and invited his nephew to court, but the royal executioner declined on account of his health. Taicosama, the emperor, sent some princes to ask him—"How it suited with his honor to cut and mangle in

public his innocent subjects." "The Commissioners presenting the Queries to Quabacondono, he not asking long time to answer, told them, That he was much troubled with the rising of the Spleen, and overflowing of the Gaul; and by the advice of his Doctors he was ordered to lay all business aside, and affairs of State, and follow bodily Exercise for his recovery; That playing the Executioner's part was prescribed also for his Health."

Many scientific theories have been advanced to explain the San Francisco Earthquake; that of the Japanese is not less probable than many of them. "Concerning the Reason of these earthquakes, or from whence they proceed, the Japaners themselves are of several Opinions. Most of them hold and affirm, That a great sea-monster or Leviathan beats the shore with his tail, every blow of which shakes the Neighboring Countreys." The author then quotes Plato, Seneca and Aristotle, this last philosopher seeming to agree with Hotspur—

"Oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd."

Montanus was an alchemist if we can judge by this—"This Sulphur, taken for a fat, yet fine matter, made in the under Grounds, producing with mixt Quicksilver, Copper, Silver, Gold and other mettals; The chiefest Philosophers affirm, that there are two sorts of these Vapors that lie hid under ground; the one being dry and more Earthy than Watery; the Earthly Vapors afford Materials for Free-Stone, and the other of Sulphur and Quicksilver, being mixt together, make Silver, Gold, and all manner of Mettals."

According to our Author, who is inspired with all the ignorance and bigotry of the Seventeenth Century, the Jesuit Missionaries, who converted so many Japanese, owed their success to their inventions. Beads and holy water, the Ceremonies of Palm Sunday and Good Friday, he thinks were specially invented to win over the Japanese to the Church. Other things he understands better. "Sometimes the Jesuits represented on Stages made in their Chappels, the Transactions of the Old Testament: Then they acted the Children of

Israel's departure from Egypt, and Pharaoh's Destruction in the Red Sea, in which they used many strange Arts, never heard of, or seen by the Japanners: Then they played Jonas his part, curiously representing the Sea, Waves and Ship. Then they amazed the beholders, showing them the fall of Adam, Abraham's Offerings, Joseph's Flight, Samson's Death, and the like Scripture Histories." We would like to see "Jonas his part." This would draw a crowded house in any city to-day.

The Success of the early Catholic Missions in Japan is ascribed to other and better reasons. The poor were neglected and oppressed, and "The Jesuits preached against their hardness of heart." "This Doctrine the poor Japanners embraced the more willingly, because it pleaded for their poverty; but yet it took a deeper impression when the action itself followed: for when the Jesuits had gotten some of the Princes to embrace their Religion, which allowed them great Revenues, they immediately built Alms-houses, dividing them into two several apartments; in one of which those that were infected with the Leprosie had their Lodgings, and in the other those that had other Sicknesses: great multitudes came flocking thither, and at the entering of the Alms-house, received Baptism."

How the Embassy was treated by the Japanese and how the East India Company prospered at the expense of religion, decency and self-respect may be seen from the following brief items:

"After Dinner they were removed to another part of the Chamber, and placed next the King: Who asked them if they were Christians? making Crosses with his Finger, showing he would have them to imitate him, and kiss and worship the Crosses. Whereupon they signified to his Majesty that they were Hollanders, who yearly coming with great Ships, drove a Trade at Nangesaque, and brought great Presents to the Japan Emperor. Meanwhile each Hollander was commanded to drink two cups of Wine more. No sooner had they drank about, but an Antient Japanner came out of a Corner, and whispering Capt. Schaep in the Ear, said, Are you Portu-

guese, Castilians, French, English, Danes, Switzers, or Cretensers? This Japanner speaking very good Portuguese, crossed himself several times also, which he desired the Hollanders to perform: But they showed by their Behavior that they abhorred all Crosses whatsoever. * * * At last they returned back to their Lodgings, where on the next day Consaïmondonne came to visit them, giving them order, that they should have their foul Linnen washed." We also find that "After this very Hollander received two cups of wine, which having drank, they were commanded to show them some antick Postures, to make wry Faces, and looks asquint to go splay-footed, and swing their Arms to and again, which the Japan Lords took great delight to see: when they were at the height of their Pleasures they were commanded to depart." "But Sammoccysamma went on in his Examination; The Portuguese Priests (said he) teach, That they can help themselves and other by Prayers and Offerings to I know not what, not only in This life, but also in the other: Do you Hollanders also believe that you can reap any benefit by that means?

'Most mighty Lord, (replied Schaep) how should we be so foolish to expect good from those that prosecute our Souls and Bodies: for indeed very great is the difference between the Portuguese and the Dutch Clergy, which in the time of the Popish Priests were murdered by thousands: and at present, since they cannot destroy us by violence, they condemn us to everlasting damnation, accounting us Vagabonds, that must forever burn in unquenchable Fire; so that if they could save us, they would not: But how can they? Why do they not help themselves from so many tortures? We believe that the Emperor of Japan can give us free leave that we may go for Nangesaque.' Which Discourse of Schaep caused all the Lords to laugh."

The Japan Lords had good reasons to laugh. Captain Schaep, the spokesman of the Embassy, had evidently forgot a little scene on Calvary, when he thus scoffed at the efficacy of prayer. The Ambassador might have quoted Scripture to his purpose,—“He trusted in God, let him now deliver him.”



Wrestlers.
The Mikado's Soldiers.

And so we leave the Embassy to the derision of the Japanese Lords who most likely despised the man whose cunning and gross attempt at courtly flattery made him prefer the favor of the Emperor of Japan to the protection of the God of the Christians.

S. BRAND, '10.

Byron

The Poet and the Man.

There is a passage in Childe Harold's Pilgrimage which finds an echo in the heart of many a youthful student of the classics. Few are they who do not find a pleasure in bidding farewell to a text book that for a year or more has been "the daily drug which turned the sickening memory," and who do not share the poet's disgust for the very name of an author, because it only recalls

"The drill'd dull lesson forced down word by word
In my repugnant youth."

It was at Harrow and the University of Cambridge that the impatient young poet, who was anything but a diligent student, learned to hate the drudgery of mastering classic authors, among whom Horace was his pet aversion. The wandering Childe thus addressed the Latin bard—

"Then farewell, Horace: whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine; it is a curse
To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
To comprehend, but never love thy verse,
Although no deeper Moralist rehearse
Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art
Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce,
Awakening without wounding the touch'd heart.
Yet fare thee well—upon Socrate's ridge we part.

Byron's want of appreciation for the strict classic models of antiquity may explain but not justify much that is base and unworthy in his own productions. Whatever is grand, strong or beautiful in his poetry springs entirely from the nobler part of his own lofty but ill balanced genius.

The name of Byron stands for the grand and the solemn in English Poetry. Yet there is something infinitely pathetic connected with the thought of his life; something infinitely sad which impels us to lay aside the book in which we may have met it, to stop and think of the wretchedness of his short span of life, made miserable by his fellow-men and still more so by his own waywardness.

Shortly after leaving Cambridge University he wrote his first poem, "Hours of Idleness," the harsh criticism of which called forth his scathing reply, entitled "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." After a short time he set out upon a journey through Europe which occupied two years, most of which time was spent in Italy and Greece. During this time, at the age of twenty-four, he published the first two Cantos of *Childe Harold*, and it was the success attending this effort that made him utter the expression: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

After these two years of travel he returned to England and married. But his extravagance and dissipation, and his hereditary ill-temper were insupportable to his wife, and she left him after only one year of married life.

We see traces of the effect of this unfortunate event in all his subsequent writings. The pride, gloom and bitterness of his former works turned into dark despair, and thenceforth he professed a rank hatred for all his fellow countrymen. He left England, never to return and settled down in Venice.

The literature and martial glories of ancient Greece had long won his enthusiastic admiration, and now roused him from his career of self-indulgence to a noble and practical sympathy with the modern Greeks in their struggle against the Turks. He proceeded to the camp of the insurgents and brought them moral and material aid that were sorely needed.

In the short space of three months he had established

order where before all had been discord, rapacity and fraud in the mob of chiefs, contending among themselves for supremacy, instead of uniting against a common foe. By his influence and money he did much towards gaining their independence, till he was stricken down in the prime of his manhood, by an attack of the dread fever at Missolonghi, in Greece. The disease proved fatal; he gradually sank into a state of lethargy from which he never emerged, and finally on the 19th of April, 1824, he breathed his last at Missolonghi.

His body was brought in death to the country he had shunned during life, and he was buried near his boyhood home, having been refused sepulcher in Westminster Abbey. His tomb in the country is visited by many who seek thus to pay homage to the man whose life knew neither rest nor honor in his native land.

We know Byron's poetry chiefly from detached passages that glow with noble power and emotion. The "Ocean," "Waterloo," "The Isles of Greece," he sang in verse that stirs the depths of thought and feeling.

During his residence in Venice he wrote several poems in which there are to be found many grand passages, but also many that are unworthy of a genius less lofty than his own. He seems to have been inseparably linked to his work and his person and character have left their impress upon all his writings. He wrote merely of himself; and the moody, restless spirit of the man gave a tinge to all his works. He writes of his misfortunes, his wounded feelings, his unrequited love, his lonely heart, seeking for affection and finding instead only coldness and dislike—all these we have again and again set before us in his lines. Thus his own words describing Manfred are well fitted to portray himself:

"This should have been a noble creature, he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly fame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness
And mind and dust and passions and pure thoughts,

Mix'd and contending without end or order
All dormant or destructive."

Byron was a grand genius, but endowed with a sullen hate and the lawless passions of a sensualist, and fully deserves the reprehension as well as the admiration he receives. We listen with wonder to his better efforts; we are over-powered by the solemn grandeur of his lines, and the profundity of the thoughts expressed. His "Childe Harold" is comparatively free from the grave faults that we find in his poems in general, and in many respects, it must be regarded as equal to the best efforts of English genius.

"He was," says Ruskin, "the first great Englishman who felt the cruelty of war, and in its cruelty, its shame; and till Byron came, neither Kunersdorf, Eylau, nor Waterloo had taught the pity and the pride of men that

"The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.'"

The opinion of the merit of his work as a whole is divided in the extreme. One author says: "Byron's works abound in passages of extraordinary beauty and sublimity; but they abound also in blemishes, and marks of haste and feebleness; no one of his poems, taken as a whole, can be accepted as a finished and satisfying work of art. He had many shining and some noble qualities, but he was a selfish libertine, both in his life and opinions, and he deserves the neglect towards which he is slowly but surely gravitating."

This is in part true, yet we must not be too severe in our judgment of his character. Neglected in his youth, thwarted in his first love, left without control or restraining domestic influence just when his passions were strongest—intoxicated with early success—his irregularities must evoke our pity as well as our reprehension. After all he was by nature frail in the extreme, and if his temptations were the stronger we must but pity him the more. The wild license of his life in southern Europe it would be impossible to justify, but his heroic rise from the midst of the corruption and temptation about

him, and his noble efforts, to aid the oppressed Greeks in their struggle for freedom are deserving of unstinted praise.

Thus thinks another critic: "His poetry must always have a powerful effect on minds of poetical and warm sensibilities. If it is a 'rank, unweeded garden,' it also contains glorious fruits and plants of celestial seed. The art of the poet will be a study for the ambitious few; his genius will be a source of wonder and delight to all who love to contemplate the workings of human passion, in solitude and society and the rich effects of taste and inspiration."

D. L. AUSTIN, '08.



The Altar of the Vow

In the domestic chapel of Spring Hill College there is a small, but handsome brass altar which has an interesting history.

It was presented to the Jesuit Fathers in 1896 by the Sisters of the Visitation of Mobile.

This altar was brought from Paris in 1865 and placed in the Convent Chapel in fulfillment of a vow made by the Nuns during the Civil War.

A glimpse into the old records of the Visitation Convent tells us that from the beginning of the troublesome times of '61-65 the monastery was constantly threatened with invasion. Intrenchments were cut through the grounds, which are still to be seen; an order was given that the giant oaks should be cut down, but fortunately this order was not enforced; the "barrier" fence was burned by the soldiers; notice was given to the nuns that at any time their house might be taken as a barracks or hospital.

These meagre items give us the key to our history, for what must have been the fear in the hearts of the helpless religious when they saw their loved cloister threatened. Harrassed by friend and foe, they knew not where to turn.

"In constant expectation of an attack upon the city, or at least of a siege," so say the old records, "we are obliged to send many of our pupils to their parents, with the exception of those of Mobile; to endeavor to procure provisions before supplies are cut off, and to place ourselves in God's hands."

Looking to God alone for protection, the whole community united in a vow to erect in the chapel an altar to the Sacred heart of Jesus in case the house should be preserved during the war. They asked for nothing else.

That God listened to their trustful prayer and recorded that sacred vow, may be seen in the Annals of 1865. "We have suffered from the small number of pupils; from the impossibility of procuring clothing and shoes, medicine and the

delicacies necessary for the sick, but since the beginning of the war we have been generally respected by both parties."

"The Federals entered the city on the 12th of April without resistance except from the Fort. A few days after the taking of the city a Federal Officer brought us, free of charge, a box from our Sisters of Georgetown and Baltimore containing clothing, shoes, etc."

These few words give little idea of the hardships and privations endured by the Sisters during these sad years, but the simple way in which this record is made proves that it was not suffering they feared but the breaking of their sacred enclosure. God had graciously preserved them from this; all else counted for naught.

Very soon after the war the vow was fulfilled. Through the instrumentality of Mother M. Kostka Lapan of the Second Visitation Monastery of Paris, the altar was purchased. The cost far exceeded the means of the Mobile Sisters, still struggling with the poverty of war times, but God made possible what was beyond their power. Rev. Fr. Ollivier, S. J., was the first Jesuit to offer up the holy Sacrifice of the Mass at this altar. When the present Convent Chapel was completed and furnished with a marble altar, the "Altar of the Vow" passed into the keeping of the Jesuit Fathers, as a memorial of the devoted priests who had served as chaplains of the Visitation Convent, viz.: Fathers Ollivier, Roudit, Usannaz and Gautrelet.

During the thirty years that it remained in the Convent Chapel many notable events took place within its sanctuary. Bishop Quinlan frequently made use of this chapel for ordinations and conferring of minor orders, and among the many who received minor orders were V. Rev. J. F. O'Connor, S. J., and Rev. H. C. Semple, S. J. As an odor of incense arose the sacred vows of many holy religions.

In 1878 a solemn triduum was celebrated in honor of the Doctorate of St. Francis de Sales, founder of the Visitation Order, and in 1883 took place a triduum for the Golden Jubilee of the Mobile Foundation. From this altar-pulpit of the Sacred Heart spoke many of the saintliest and most

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learned of the Jesuit Fathers of Spring Hill and it seems both fitting and appropriate that the "Altar of the Vow" should be just where it is—linking the past with the present—a memorial of gratitude to God and to His loyal servants, the Sons of St. Ignatius, between whom and the Daughters of St. Francis de Sales, the Sacred Heart of Jesus has established a second union through the Blessed Margaret Mary and the Venerable Father de la Colombiere, S. J.

V. J.



April's Frown

On a rather gloomy morning in April, I was riding along the beautiful stretch of road that skirts the placid waters of Mobile Bay.

The morning was typical of April. Murky clouds cast their shadows upon the sleeping waters, assuming fantastic shapes. Above, the sky was filled with floating vapors, which, mingling with the more swarthy clouds, lent them a dim gleam of radiance. The newly-risen sun lay hidden behind these dismal masses, which screened its refulgent rays from view.

Far out in the bay a small craft could be seen dancing to and fro on the wavelets, its sails flapping carelessly about, waiting a friendly breeze to send it bounding over the waves.

Northward, where the bay narrowed into the flowing waters of the river could be seen the faint outlines of the city, rising darkly against the frowning heavens. Eastward the blue shores of Baldwin seemed as a dark, indistinct line dividing the glossy waters of the bay from the sky. Towards the South it opened out on the vast gulf, forming an entrance through which the tide of navigation flowed into the harbor.

On the horizon, a purple ring of smoke, which arose from an ocean-bound steamer, curled slowly upward, finally fading away 'mid the clouds. All the bay was wrapped in tranquillity.

That a rainstorm was imminent there could be no doubt, for every sign of nature betokened its approach.

As I thought of seeking shelter, a sudden drop of rain touched my hand, causing me to hasten my quest. I remembered that a short distance further down was a small, though hospitable inn, where weary travelers and gay pleasure-seekers often refreshed themselves after a tedious ride. Accordingly, toward this I guided my horse, barely reaching it as the downpour began. Secure from its effects I seated myself on the broad veranda, and awaited the coming storm.

Gazing upward I could see the threatening clouds slowly wending their way across the heavens, sending fleecy vapors scudding before their path. The sky grew darker and darker, seeming as if the storm-god scowled wrathfully upon the universe. A brisk wind swept across the waters, causing waves to rise on the erstwhile placid surface, their crests covered with seething foam. The rain now fell in torrents, and the glittering drops, pattering on the waters, seemed as splashes of molten silver.

At the first token of the shower, the drifting schooner had lowered its snowy sails and now lay, tossed about, on the undulating billows, at the mercy of wind and wave, presenting a forlorn and deserted appearance, like a lovely swan deprived of its graceful wings. The showers increased in volume, and a sharp breeze springing up from the Gulf caused the drops to fall in glittering clusters from the foliage.

The landscape now assumed an appalling air of dejection as a shadow of darkness enveloped it. The songsters in the bushes no longer poured forth their harmonious melodies, but lay hidden in their sheltered nooks, terrified by the awesome appearance of the sky. All nature seemed awaiting the coming storm.

Suddenly the elements began to pour forth all their fury, and the showers fell as a roaring cataract, glistening like

sheets of silver in the morning sunlight. A distant rumble now re-echoed through the heavens, causing the earth to tremble as if the voice of the gods had roared forth their mighty commands.

Of a sudden a vivid flash of lightning illumined the sky, almost blinding the vision. It was directly followed by a terrific peal of thunder that reverberated from the black vault of the heavens, along the tossing waters, to the dismal depths of the forest.

Now the battle with the elements had begun in earnest, and all vegetation drooped beneath the force of the downpour. Stately pines, sturdy oaks and every form of tree life hung forlornly downward, as if bowing in humble submission to the storm-king.

Such a rainfall I had not witnessed in many years, and I was fascinated beyond expression by the scowling though beautiful display of the elements.

For hours the storm raged, until finally Dame Nature spread her cheery smile upon the landscape, and the joyous sunshine once more shone upon the waters. As the glowing rays began to pour forth once more their benign influences upon the landscape, a magnificent rainbow, clad in all its splendor, stretching, as it were, from pole to pole, appeared in the Western sky. Its hues became more and more distinct, and blending with the radiant sunbeams, added an indescribable beauty to the scene. Filled with ecstasy I gazed at it with enraptured eye, until its colors began to fade slowly away, and finally only the dim outline could be seen mingling with the sky.

The storm had now completely abated. The storm-god having withdrawn his battling forces, allowed me to resume my morning ride.

A. O'CONNELL, '10.



SENIOR ACADEMY

- | | | | | |
|------------|-------------|-------------|-----------|------------|
| A. Vizard, | W. Schmitt, | W. Walsh, | S. Kelly, | J. Supple, |
| I. Nelson | R. Breard | C. McMaster | Bordelon | Brown |
| D. Austin | | | | |

The Hecuba of Euripides—A Comparison

“Our Euripides the human,
With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touches of things common
Till they rose to touch the spheres.”

So speaks the poet Browning of the prince of Grecian dramatists. Excepting Homer, I can safely say that no other Greek poet had such deep insight into human nature as Euripides. In all his plays there is the sweet human voice and the ceaseless flutter of the heart. His were creations of the brain such as can be compared with those of the great delineator of character, Shakespeare. The heroism of his Polyxena, the fury of Hecuba, and the ingratitude of his Ulysses are only prototypes of Shakespeare's brave Juliet, his suffering Margaret and the crafty Duke of Gloucester.

There are in the plays of these two character artists many strange and wonderful instances of similarity; mere coincidence, of course, for we are told that Shakespeare was unfamiliar with the classics. He was certainly not familiar with the works of Euripides, for his contracted means and wild nature gave him no opportunity for such study. Perhaps the most wonderful resemblance between these two dramatists is to be found in the Hecuba of Euripides and Shakespeare's Richard III. The Hecuba has always been the most popular of Greek classic plays. It was translated into Latin by the poet Ennius, and was in the sixteenth century rendered into French and Italian; as late as 1726 it was produced on the English stage.

The drama was written about 425 B. C., that is, in the fifty-fifth year of the poet's life, and when he had just reached the zenith of his fame.

The story of Hecuba relates the sorrows of the Trojan queen. The queen, or more properly the ex-queen, for she is now in the cruel bonds of slavery, experiences two overwhelming causes of woe; first in the murder of her only son,

Polydorus, by his guardian the avaricious Polymestor, and secondly, in the loss of her beautiful daughter, Polyxena, the fairest of the Trojan captives, who bravely offers herself as a victim of sacrifice to the shade of the mighty Achilles. These two events furnish the author with sublime examples of love, duty and heroism, that cannot fail to arouse our pity and admiration. Here we see the broken heart of a mother laid bare before us. Like Margaret in Richard III, whose accumulated woes strengthen even when they seem to crush, so her Greek prototype is made childless, and is a widow and discrowned; yet with what disdain does Margaret look upon her Ulysses, the subtle Duke of Gloucester, and her Agamemnon, the voluptuous Edward. "Bear with me, I thirst for revenge," she cries; and so with Hecuba, her craving for revenge is just as strong, and it is speedily gratified. The villianous guardian Polymestor comes to the Grecian camp, and is lured by Hecuba into her tent. Here her revenge is satisfied; for after seeing his children cruelly murdered, he also is thrust forth eyeless and with bleeding visage by the infuriated mother and her attendants. "This, if not victory, is at least, revenge."

Not only do we find this similarity as regards the characters, but also in the language and sentiments of the two plays.

From Hecuba:

Polymestor: "Alas me! worsted, as it seems by a woman who is a slave. I shall submit to the vengeance of my inferiors."

Hecuba: "Thou sufferest! Thinkest thou I suffer not for my children?"

Polymestor: "Thou rejoicest in insulting me, O thou malicious woman!"

"Hecuba: "Ought I not to rejoice on having avenged myself on thee?"

Polymestor: "Thou wilt not soon, when the liquid wave—

Hecuba: "Shall bear me to the confines of the Grecian land."

Polymestor: "Shall bear thee under, having fallen from the ship's mast. Thou shalt become a dog with fiery aspect."

Hecuba: "But how dost thou know of this, my metamorphosis?"

Polymestor: "Dionysius the Thracian prophet told me."

Hecuba: "And did he not foretell the evils which thou now sufferest?"

Polymestor: "No; for if he had, thou wouldst never have treacherously taken me."

Hecuba: "Then, not only do I renounce these infamous prophecies, but give them for thyself to hear."

Closely resembling this, though in stronger terms, is the following taken from Richard III, Act II, Scene III.

Margaret: "And little joy enjoys the queen thereof; for I am she and altogether joyless. I can no longer hold me patient, and so thou shalt hear me."

Gloucester: "Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou in my sight?"

Margaret: "But repetition of what thou hast marred; that will I make before I let thee go."

Gloucester: "Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?"

Margaret: "I was; but I do find more pain in banishment than death can yield me here by my abode. A husband and a son thou owest me—and thou a kingdom—and all of you allegiance: This sorrow that I have, by right is yours; and all the pleasures you usurp, are mine."

Gloucester: "Have done thy charm, thou hateful withered hag."

Margaret: "And leave out thee? Stay dog, thou shalt hear me. If Heaven have any grievous plague in store, exceeding those that I can wish thee, O let them keep it till thy sins be ripe, and then hurl down their indignation upon thee, the troubles of the world's peace!"

There are many other minor instances of similarity, which, with one exception I hardly think worth while quoting.

In Shakespeare's Henry IV, we find this beautiful apostrophe to sleep:

"O sleep, O gentle sleep, nature's soft nurse,
How have I frightened thee
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?"

And again we find in Macbeth, Act II, Scene II,
Macbeth does murder sleep—the innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

How like the passages just quoted is the following passage taken from the great mad scene in Euripides' Orestes:

"O soothing sleep, dear friend! best nurse in sickness,
How sweetly came thou in the hour of need;
Blest Lethe of all woes, how wise you are,
How worthy the prayers of wretched men!"

We do not wonder at the grief of his countrymen upon the death of such a genius, but with them we would have said:

"To Hellas' bard, all Hellas gives a tomb:
On Macedon's far shores his relics sleep:
Athens, the pride of Greece was erst his home,
Whom now all praise and all in common weep.

ARNOLD BLOCH, '10.

The Shamrock's Message

I've come across the heaving ocean's foam
From home
To glad your exile on Saint Patrick's Day.
In that which clings to me
You see
A part of green-valed Erin's sacred clay.
It grieved me deep, yea, pierced my heart that I
Should die
Uncared for by a friendly hand;
And hat my hallowed spray,
Thus torn away,
Should have to stay
And lose its virtues in a foreign land.

O Erin, Motherland, the grief that's mine
Is thine.
I am but the symbol of thy sons, the Gaels
Who countless, day by day,
Away
With bitter heart-pangs from thy verdant vales,
Afar to distant climes all sadly go,
And so
Are lost to thee, beloved Innisfail;
While in their native land
Grim strangers stand
With weaponed hand
Exulting o'er the dwindling of the Gael!

O Erin, Mother mine, with voice all weak
I'll speak
And tell thy sons afar of thy decline;
And set their souls afire
With ire
At what the tyrants do to thee and thine.
This, this with falt'ring voice, my country true,

I'll do
For thee, and bear thy message o'er the waves,
Of Motherland in tears,
Beset with fears,
Bowed down with years,
And lonely watching by their fathers' graves!
J. J. O'B.





Junior Academy in "Edward the Confessor"

The Spring Hill Review

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The Students of Spring Hill College

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The Spring Hill Review

SPRING HILL COLLEGE, MOBILE, ALA.

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MOBILE, ALA., JUNE, 1908

"What is the use of Latin and Greek, anyhow?"

When the easy-going youth, who is desirous of sliding down the classic mount to the easy level of the English course, puts this plain question as if it were unanswerable, he usually gets no reply, for to give one would be to cast pearls where they would not be appreciated. It is well, however, at times to remind even such people that those who advocate the old college course are not fossilized remains of the Middle Ages, but thoroughly alive to the intellectual needs of the present

day. The extract which we here append is a business-like reason for classic studies given by a business man. It was not inspired by the historic associations of ancient Europe, nor by the pretentious culture of the effete and unprogressive East, but uttered in the liberal, expansive and democratic air of Texas.

Symposium: "The Classics and the Professions."

The discussion was carried on by representatives of several of the leading professions. One of the most interesting contributions to it was made by Mr. Joseph R. Pittman, a cotton broker of Galveston, who said in part: "One whose mind has been exercised in the parsing and construction of involved Latin or Greek sentences, who has been accustomed to analyze them thoroughly and to assimilate their full purport and meaning, will certainly be able to comprehend and interpret a commercial regulation or a business contract and to indite with perfect lucidity of expression a business document better than a person who has paid but superficial attention to the art of literary expression. * * Even the every-day speech of those who have been thoroughly grounded in the rudiments of the classical language is characterized by a peculiar quality of conciseness and correctness. * * From a personal point of view I prefer to talk over business matters with a man who has studied classics. He understands my meaning quickly, and I understand his, and we get down to 'brass tacks' (in medias res) with greater dispatch than we probably should if I were conferring with the proverbial man named Smith, who wrote the following note to Mr. Jones: 'Mr. Smith presents his compliments to Mr. Jones, and finds he has a hat that isn't mine, so if you have one that isn't his, perhaps they are the ones.'"

—The Classical Journal, April, 1908.

The small boy, who possesses a bat, ball and mitt, is at a loss to understand the wisdom of those sanctimonious people who maintain that baseball desecrates the Sunday. That

the Lord's day should be a day of rest from labor is a fundamental principle in every healthy boy's scheme of life; it is a portion of the Mosaic yoke that rests lightly on his shoulders. He is equally convinced of the necessity of going to church, and his conscience is delicately sensitive about fulfilling the obligation; but he cannot see how it is morally wrong to improve his batting average on a Sunday when the religious obligation has been satisfied.

Depressed with Sabbatarian gloom, the small citizen loses all respect for the solemn law-makers and dolefully asks papa why he voted for such a member of the Legislature who enacts Blue Laws in the twentieth century. To stop baseball is to enforce sullen idleness, and the youngster, full of life and energy and enjoying a good conscience, refuses to "sit like his grandsire, cut in alabaster" to do honor to a puritanical Sabbath.

Police-made religion has no hold on his honest little heart, and he knows a game of ball cannot profane the Sunday, though he fears that, if the game is suppressed, the day will not be as holy as it ought to be on account of "impropane language," as he expresses it.

Every boy grasps, what his elders misunderstand or pervert, that "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." Our legislative committees before framing drastic Blue Laws to suppress Sunday games, should give the small boys a hearing, and thus perhaps a little common sense would enter into the reforming plans of those pious people who think a policeman's billy can be made a substitute for faith and conscience.



Exchanges

Some philosophic mind should compose a set of canons of criticism for exchange editors in college papers, compiling them by the inductive method from the practice prevailing among the most trenchant writers in that exuberant department of college journalism. We might suggest a few for a beginning:

Negative criticism is best; blame others for what they have not, this saves the trouble of reading what they have. It is easier and safer to condemn a whole issue than to make a judicious examination of a single article. Never give reasons though they be plenty as blackberries, but put on an air of superiority; it is more convincing and costs nothing. The Exchange critic should never read his college Journal; he might see his censures coming back as boomerangs. Occasionally indulge in such amenities as—"The Exchange man of the X—does not know what literature is like. His own writing is not literary, though it is the best thing in the whole Journal."

As college papers frequently change their staff, a set of comprehensive rules would keep the new comer from deviating from the approved way, and we hope some one will draw up a code and publish it.

More than in any other issue we have found literary excellence in the Mercerian for March. The Editor's Easy Chair is a well written department and the articles on the Evolution of the Drama and on James R. Randall are full, clear and scholarly.

The Georgetown Journal of the past year has much that is commendable, though in some respects it does not seem to reach the high standard of former volumes. The falling off

appears chiefly in a certain flippancy of tone and style that makes an unfavorable impression. Good contributions in prose and verse are not wanting, but we think the poise and elegance of the Journal are sacrificed to would-be humorists.

"Students cannot publish a literary magazine. Their work may be creditable and afford great promise, but it will have a tinge of amateurism." Quoting these words of an exchange, the editor of "Our Table" in the Niagara Index of May 1st reluctantly admits that it is true. We do not know what kind of literary work is taken as a standard of comparison, but to say college papers show a tinge of amateurism is merely saying that a students' magazine looks as if it were written by students, which is an excellent thing in college journalism. Students are not supposed to write like mature men who have made literature the profession of a lifetime, though these sometimes put their names to productions that are jejune and amateurish enough. The first statement of the quotation is vague since it proposes no standard to judge by, but the second sentence is a defence of the college Journal, and we see no reason for considering it a regrettable truth. In like manner we have real and excellent college debates, though the promising young orators cannot reach the level of some of the great senatorial battles in Washington.

Exchanges

Agnetian Monthly; Fleur de Lis; High School World; St. Mary's Sentinel; St. Mary's Chimes; Purple and White; The Redwood; Fordham Monthly; S. V. C. Student; Pascua Florida; The Columbia; Georgetown Journal; Loretto Crescent; St. Ignatius Collegian; Beaumont Review; S. V. C. Index; Niagara Index; The Mercerian; Mangalore Magazine; St. John's College Quarterly; Our Alma Mater.



Societies



Seniors

The Academy

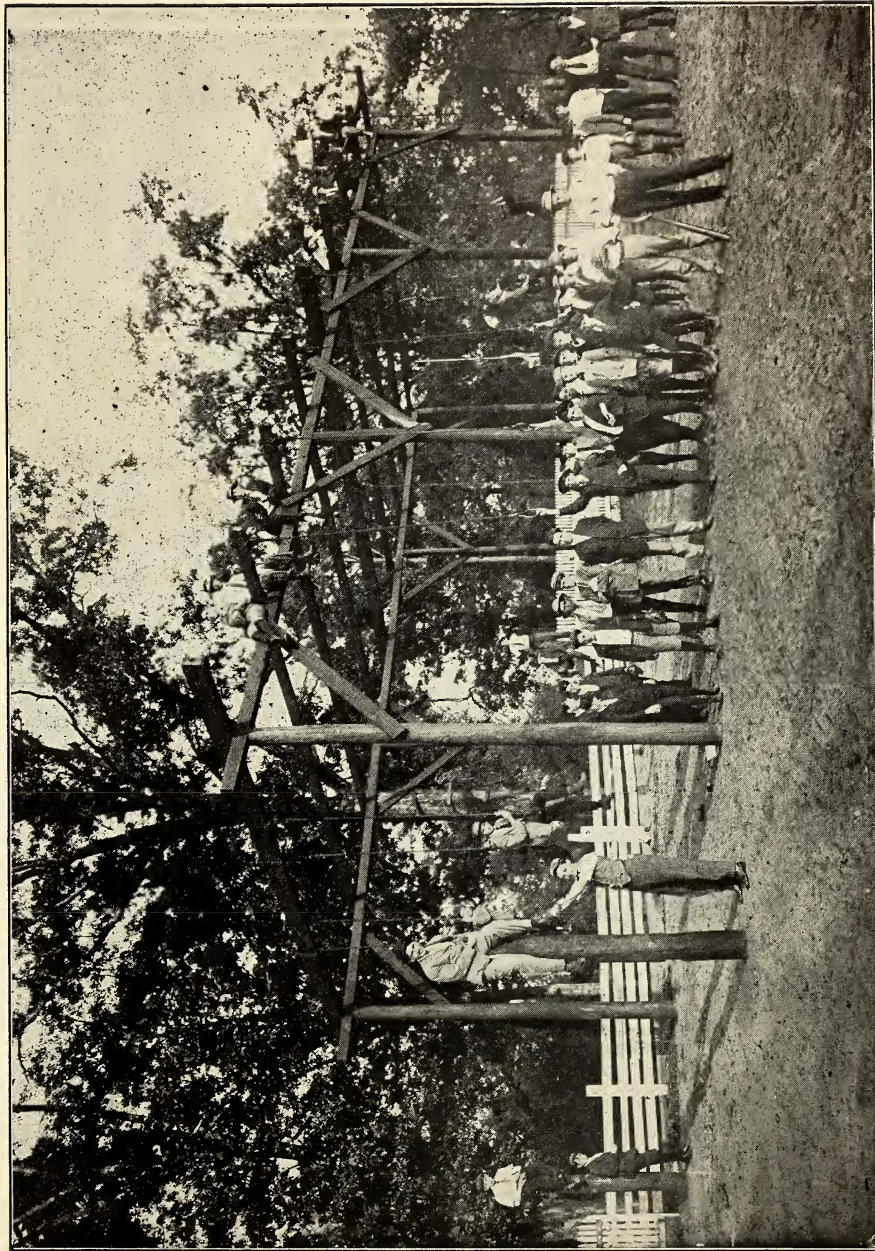
The half-yearly examinations and the illness of the Director, Fr. Guyol, postponed the election of officers until March 25th, when the following were chosen: President, S. L. Kelly; Secretary, J. E. Deegan, and Censor, T. J. Burns. A series of unexpected obstacles interfered with the plans of the new president, who had mapped out a promising schedule of debates, and only the tamer and less interesting literary exercises could be carried out. The final meeting for the year was called to order by the President on the banks of the lake, and the annual ceremony of adjournment, accompanied with the usual good cheer, was faithfully observed.

The Sodality

The officers, under the presidency of R. M. Breard, having attended to all the usual formalities, the following members made their final promises at the meeting in the Sodality Chapel, May 21st: P. Burguières, R. Levert, A. O'Neill, F. Riffel, R. Stafford, P. W. Walsh.

The Brass Band

The band has steadily improved with each month of the year, and on the various occasions when the cause of charity



JUNIORS' OPEN-AIR GYMNASIUM

called for its services in Mobile, warm enconiums were passed on its excellent playing and the selections rendered. This success from rather unpromising beginnings is due to the efforts of Prof. Staub and the management of the officers—Messrs. Breard, Deegan and Nelson.

Orchestra

This is 'facile princeps' among the musical associations of the college, and Professor Staub and Suffich are to be congratulated on its efficiency. The orchestra, rendering classical compositions, lends a charm all its own to our entertainments.

The library, gymnasium and billiard room appear to be all equally popular as resorts of the Seniors.

The Librarian is perhaps the busiest officer in the division, and the order prevailing both among the books and readers is truly admirable.

There is no lack of interest in the work of the gymnasium, and spirited games fill all the available time in the billiard room, but the officers of these associations have nothing to report in the way of formal contests or tournaments. There is sufficient skill and energy in evidence, but a healthy spirit of rivalry seems to have been wanting these past months. So, too, if the tall grass is not growing on the cinder track and tennis court, this is not to be ascribed to the sprinters and players.

The Glee Club

The fault of coyness, which Horace says is the fault of all singers, is strongly developed in this collection of songsters. It was only on the last possible day before repetition that the managing committee could prevail on them to appear in public. Their musical program was in a cover of artistic design by J. E. Deegan. V. Vila, J. Deegan, A. Vizard and S. Simon manage the Club.

Juniors

Junior Academy

The colors adopted by the Junior Academy this session were maroon and gold. The first meeting after the half session play was held on February 18th, during which the following officers were elected: John E. O'Flinn, President; Andrew T. Beary, Secretary; B. D. Alvarez, Censor. During this term four spirited and well-contested debates were held. The first of these was: "Are theatres more beneficial than injurious to mankind?" The affirmative side was defended by S. Braud, G. LeBaron and B. Dolson, the negative by B. D. Alvarez, A. Beary and J. McHardy. The clear reasoning of J. McHardy and B. D. Alvarez decided the debate in their favor. The second subject for debate was: "Have soldiers done more good to mankind than discoverers?" The defenders for the soldiers were M. Schneider, J. Alvarez and C. Schatzman. On the discoverers' side were M. Diaz, L. Leche and T. McDonough. Both sides ably handled the subject under discussion, but the stronger arguments of the soldiers won for them. The third question was one more closely in touch with the debaters themselves, being the old and oft-debated one, "Is baseball a better sport than football?" The leaders of the affirmative were: P. Parslow, G. Finch and D. Gregory. The negatives were: R. Turregano, C. Touart and T. Hale. As all were interested, the debate became general, and retorts involving personal experiences were frequent. An advocate of football was suppressed by quoting a saying of his own, when his arm was dislocated—"I am glad it is not my pitching arm." On Monday, May 18th, the fourth and last debate was held in the college auditorium before the Vice-President and members of the faculty. The subject debated was: "Is Prohibition good or bad for the country?" The cause of the anti-prohibitionists was advocated by B. Alvarez, J. O'Flinn and J. Daly. The prohibitionists were: S. Braud, T. Grace and A. O'Connell. The debate was long and arguments were never so plentiful or so freely and convincingly

put forward, for the question is certainly a live one in this section and the literature on it is abundant. At length, after a discussion full of enthusiasm, a vote was taken, which crowned the cause of the anti-prohibitionists with victory by a large majority of the members of the Academy.

Library and Reading Room

No better officers than A. J. Touart, President; J. T. Bauer, Vice-President; T. McDonough, Treasurer; T. Grace and K. Leche, Librarians, could have been found to whom the library and reading room might be given in charge; and by their tact and ingenuity they have kept silence, order and neatness in this excellent resort. On rainy days when outside sports must cease, the room is filled with devoted members. Many new books have been added recently.

Junior Band

As the year opened, the Junior Band was in very poor condition, but, thanks to the energy of Professor Suffich, all obstacles in the way of its progress were eliminated, and now they are able to cope with the Seniors for excellence. The officers elected for the year are: A. J. Touart, President; K. Leche, Secretary, and B. D. Alvarez, Censor.

Junior Gymnasium

A good attendance can always be relied on in the cool evening recreations both at the indoor and outdoor gymnasium. The number and difficulty of the tricks performed, and the enthusiasm manifested in performing new ones, would assuredly have again procured distinction for the Junior Division, had another athletic bout been given. The officers in charge are: S. Braud, President and Treasurer; C. Schatzman, Vice-President; D. Ducote, Secretary.

Altar Boys Sodality

The interest taken by the members in the sacred offices was proved during the impressive services of Holy Week. The readiness and ease which was shown in the observance of the Rubrics speaks well for the training and spirit of the young Acolytes of the Sanctuary. The officers elected for this term are: A. J. Touart, President; A. Beary, Secretary; B. D. Alvarez, Censor; C. Schatzman and J. Alvarez, Acolytes.

Sodality of the Holy Angels

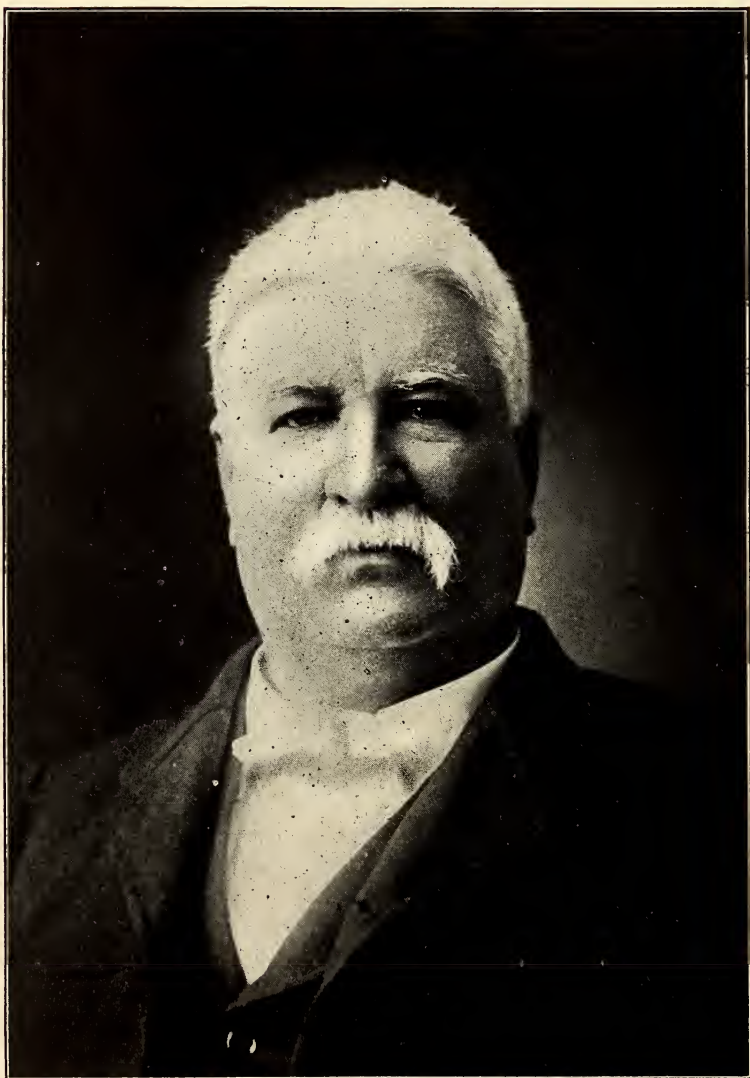
The President, A. Touart, assisted by the officers of the Sodality, presented the candidates for admission and with the approval of the Director, Fr. O'Reilly, the following were admitted to membership on May 24th:

A. C. Ball, R. Brooks, E. Kevlin, F. A. Meyer, M. L. Neely, C. J. Schatzman, M. Schneider, R. L. Drago, H. A. Frederic, C. S. Gallagher, C. J. Holland, T. M. McDonough, H. A. Munson, C. Touart, A. Dossmann, J. McHardy, P. P. Patout.

The following having made the First Act, are now candidates for membership:

J. Alvarez, T. Grace, J. Sandoz, G. Mayer, L. Plauche, T. Hale, B. Dolson, C. Wagner, D. McNamara, L. Guerra, W. Ducote, F. Dowe, C. Dowe, R. Turregano, H. D'Aquin, J. Cox, L. Andrepont, F. Prohaska.





MICHAEL THOMAS GAFFNEY

Corpus Christie, Texas

Alumni Notes

We have recently received many expressions of good will from old students, and have a far greater number of "old boys" among our subscribers than at any previous time. This number should in the near future have a still greater increase, as we are certain that none who are now on the list will withdraw from it. The Review is a link connecting the past with the present of the College, and it requires no very strong bond to hold the interest and attention of our former students when Alma Mater, her work and progress are the subject in question. We propose to continue our efforts to enroll every old student among the readers of the Review and thus establish a regular connection between the Alumni and the College.

Our new graduates each year, especially those among them who have been connected with the management of the Review, could still continue to help our Alumni Notes by sending us items regarding old students. Such items of news when accurately given would make our Alumni department of great interest. If our graduates are too modest to write about themselves, we are sure they would be willing to let us have some "memorabilia" about their classmates or college acquaintances.

MICHAEL THOMAS GAFFNEY.

The subject of this note is a staunch and loyal alumnus of Spring Hill College and a leading business man of Corpus Christi in his native state of Texas. Mr. Gaffney was born in Victoria, Texas, on Feb. 8th, 1846, and came from his home in San Patricio to enter the college during the session of '59-'60. On his arrival he was promptly dubbed "Little Texas," as his brother John represented on a larger scale the great Lone Star State. The sobriquet is not extinct, and Mr. Gaff-

ney has a successor to the title residing here at the present time.

The call to arms excited the fighting blood of college boys in those days and young Gaffney got the war fever like many others. But Mobile in the early sixties was very far from San Patricio. The Federals had captured Port Hudson and all communication between the east and west banks of the Mississippi was cut off; so force perforce Little Texas was constrained to stay at college till '62, when Port Hudson was recaptured by the Confederate forces and the way was open to the west.

The way was open, but the means of travel were very precarious; still with a stout heart the hopeful young warrior set his face westward to bring reinforcements to his native state. He arrived at the Mississippi, but not a boat had been left on its turbulent stream by the destructive Federals. With much ado he procured a small skiff to ferry him over the Father of Waters and proceeded on his way as best he could. Sometimes there were cars of a sort, sometimes there were boats on the bayous, occasionally there were rickety rolling stage coaches, and not unfrequently there was nothing but shoe leather to advance him on his way; but he ever pressed bravely onward over the praries led by the gleaming of the bright Lone Star. The weary days lengthened into weeks till at the end of a month of hardships he arrived in royal style at his home in the stately and speedy equipage of King Dagobert—an ox cart. It was a severe but excellent training for one about to undertake the hardships of a campaign, and the sturdy qualities and determined spirit of the boy were emphasized and strengthened by it.

Young Gaffney took only a brief rest after his travels. His journey had not increased his liking for the Yankees, and he was eager for the fray. Experience, however, had taught him the trials of marching on foot, so with the horse-back instinct of his natal soil, he enlisted in the Second Texas Cavalry, Co. F, and had for his commander the famous Texas Ranger, Col. John S. Ford, known as "Old Rip." He re-

mained in this command until the flag with the Stars and Bars was furled forever.

The blessings of peace have long since taken the place of the trials and reverses of war in Mr. Gaffney's career, and his success and prominence in business have only brought out more strongly his manly attachment to the principles of Catholic life. The same earnestness of devotion which he manifested for the "lost cause" has been displayed throughout his whole career. His sterling character and practical faith have made him a power for good in the city of Corpus Christi and the Review hopes he will long continue to exercise his good influence and be, as he says himself, "happy in the remembrance that he is an alumnus of Spring Hill College."

The Review is pleased to note the two following happy events:

W. J. Formento, '89, was married on Jan. 21st, 1908, in the Jesuits' Church, New Orleans, to Miss Laurence Lange, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Lange.

Mr. John C. Hanway, '04, and Miss Ethelreda Eliot were married on Thursday, Jan. 9th, at St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C. Mr. Frank Cannon of Greenville, Miss., was best man.

Mr. Maximum D. Touart, '03, has been awarded first place in the competitive examinations for hospital appointments at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, the medical department of Columbia University. Mr. Touart has been assigned to the Harlem Hospital.

Mr. T. H. McHatton, '03, has been appointed Horticulturist at the State Experiment Station of Georgia. Mr. McHatton's address, published in he last issue of the Review, is thus noticed in the Irish Monthly for March, 1908:

"It seems more usual in the United States than it is in these countries for "old boys" to go back to their Alma Mater

and lecture genially her new generation of sons. Mr. Hubbard McHatton does this very effectively in the Spring Hill Review for January, 1908."

Mr. W. G. Boylan, who was in residence here in '56 paid the College a visit on March 12th.

Nestor Keith Ovalle, '07, is intersted in the Review and writes that he is doing well in his study of Electrical Engineering at McGill University.

A. Garland, '07, has been chosen president of the Freshman Class in the Law Course at Tulane University.

Henry Sarpy, 1900, now practicing law in New Orleans, came over on March 15th to attend the funeral of his former professor, Rev. Fr. Jannin, S. J.

In the recent Democratic primaries in Louisiana Alvin E. Hebert, '07, won out in the first contest, and though defeated in the second primary, polled a very large vote.

Since out last number we have to record the death of several civil war veterans who had studied at Spring Hill.

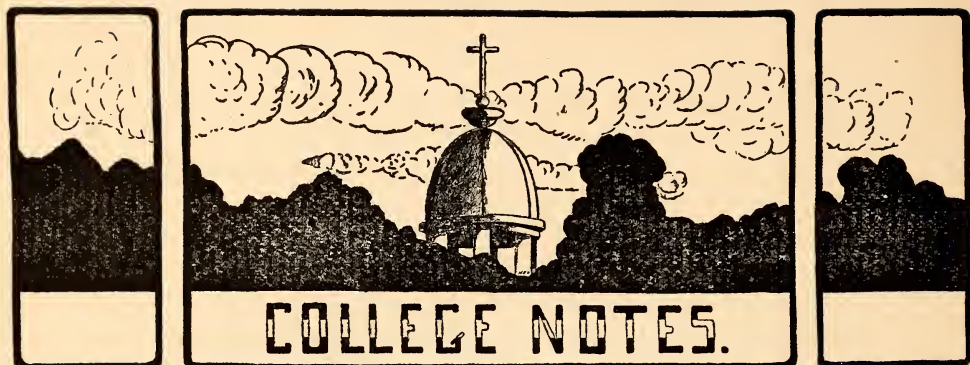
Mr. James A. Shelton, a native of Mobile, was buried from St. Joseph's Church on Dec. 21st, 1907. Mr. Shelton had entered Spring Hill College in '59, but at the call to arms he abandoned his studies and joined the Eighth Alabama Regiment under General Rhodes and went through the great battles of the Virginia campaign in the civil war. He was subsequently attached to Colonel Hervey Maury's Brigade. He belonged to an old and distinguished Southern family, tracing his family connections to General "Dick" Taylor and Patrick Henry. Mr. Shelton has held several public offices in his native city and at his death, at the age of 63, was clerk of the City Court.

Another veteran who had left the college to see active service in the war was Romain O. Landry, who was born in Ascension Parish, La., in 1843. His name was on the rolls of Spring Hill in 1857, but just as he was about to complete his course he entered the ranks of the Donaldsonville Artillery which was soon in the thick of the fight with the Army of Northern Virginia. Not until the surrender of Appomattox did Landry lay down arms and return to the pursuits of peace. He was very successful both as merchant and planter, and for some years had retired from active business and taken up his residence in New Orleans, where he died. The funeral was from St. Teresa's Church, and the burial, by request of the deceased, was in the tomb where lie the other gallant heroes who wore the gray.

In 1847 Ernest Legendre came to Spring Hill College from New Orleans and on Jan. 22nd, 1907, he died in the Soldier's Home in his native city at the age of seventy-one. He served during four years of the war and performed many daring exploits with Watson's Battery of Point Coupee.

Joseph C. De Generes, another of the many whose college days were cut short by the stress of war times, died in New Orleans on Feb. 12th.

Passing from the memory of these aged veterans, a keener note of sympathy is sounded when we record the death of one who was with us one short year ago. On May the 2nd Barclay Laborde, of Marksville, La., died at the home of his parents at the age of twenty-three years. Poor health had caused him to abandon his studies, and though he tried every means, frequenting health resorts to recover his strength, it was all in vain. The funeral took place at St. Joseph's Church, Marksville, and was attended by the Knights of Columbus and Knights of St. Joseph in a body. Here in the College his fellow students and especially his classmates have given him a prayerful remembrance, and extend their sympathy to his family and friends.



The annual retreat for the boys took place in very favorable weather on the 9th, 10th and 11th of January. The serious demeanor of both divisions during those three days manifested an admirable earnestness of purpose, while the unflagging attention given to the instructions of Rev. Fr. Biever showed how thoroughly the speaker controlled the minds and hearts of his audience. The Rev. President of Loyola College, New Orleans, who is well known for his eloquence in the pulpit, skillfully clothed the Great Truths in a garb that held captive the minds of his audience of college boys.

On Feb. 11th, Rt. Rev. Bishop Allen of Mobile paid a visit to the College. The bands came out to give him a welcome, and at the close of a brief address the Bishop granted a holiday amid cheers from the crowd and Dixie from the bands.

St. Joseph's day, March 19th, was observed in a manner befitting the patronal feast of the College. This year, however, it fell on Thursday, which is our regular weekly holiday, and Bishop Allen thoughtfully declared in the boys' dining hall during dinner that such an arrangement was unfair. To this all agreed, including our President, Rev. Fr. Twellmeyer.

Bishop Muldoon of Chicago paid us a brief visit on April 5th.

Our late President, Fr. Tyrrel, came on April 7th to spend a few days at Spring Hill, after giving a mission at St. Vincent's, Mobile. A musical welcome from the bands brought a speech and a half holiday.

The student body of Spring Hill made an enthusiastic chorus of rooters at Monroe Park on April 30th, when the baseball season opened on the Mobile diamond. The local team of the Southern League had just returned from their first trip, which was a series of triumphs, and the enthusiasm of the local fans was fully shared by our boys. The game was a good one, quick and snappy and ended in a victory for Mobile, the score standing 4 to 2 against Little Rock. Arkansas has no representative here, hence there was no one to mourn for the defeated nine.

On Friday, May 15th, Bishop Allen administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in the college chapel. Those forming the class were:

F. Tarleton, J. Trolie, L. Plauche, L. Andrepont, C. Suderman, A. Spinner, M. McKnight, N. McHardy, W. Barker, G. Chappuis, R. Ducote, D. Hebert, C. Lawless, C. Roycroft, G. Dubuisson, S. Klosky, R. Harrigan, J. Berthelot, T. Horkan, G. Mayer, Y. Potter, R. Turregano, J. Rives, A. Suderman, Jno. Van Heuvel, Jas. Van Heuvel, F. Morere, S. Lange, C. Schneider, S. Skinner, W. Miller, W. Dugan, C. G. Siguere.

SOME NORTHERN VISITORS.

After leaving the Cawthon Hotel the Chicago Knights of Columbus and their ladies boarded special cars on St. Francis street for Spring Hill, accompanied by many of the local Knights and their ladies. Arrived at the college they were greeted with music by the senior and junior brass bands in turn. The party walked around the college grounds admiring the immense japonica bushes in full bloom and other floral

features, until they reached Exhibition Hall, where they were seated by students of the upper classes, who acted as ushers. The stage was decorated with American flags, the college colors and the colors of the Knights of Columbus.

Following a march by the college orchestra under the direction of Professor Staub, Rev. Father Francis X. Twellmeyer, president of the college, extended a hearty welcome to the entire party.

Concluding his address the Rev. Father said: "Honor to you and welcome to Spring Hill College. And while greeting you, Knights of Columbus, let me express the hope that the youth under our care who are cheered by your presence in their midst to-day, may, stirred by your example, join at the close of their college career the noble ranks of your society of laymen who to-day do noble and open battle: Deo et Patriae—For God and Fatherland."

The following is from The Columbian and Western Catholic, a Chicago paper, whose Editor, Mr. J. F. Byrnes, was one of the moving spirits of the trip:

"As we stepped from the K. C. building we took our places in the automobiles awaiting us, and away we went whirling through the glorious sunshine of a glorious land. In and out the fascinating little town, along the miles and miles of shell road, with flowers blossoming, roses and japonicas and violets and gladiolas. Then came a trolley ride to Spring Hill College, one of the oldest educational institutions in the United States. The College Band met us, and led our party to the strains of music into the entertainment hall, where the students presented for our entertainment a delightful little sketch entitled, 'In a Regular Fix.' We were then escorted through the spacious buildings and grounds and each of us had the pleasure of shaking the hand of the Rev. Director. The courtesies of Spring Hill College will never be forgotten by the Columbian Pilgrims."

REV. MARCELLUS JANNIN.

On the morning of March 14 at 8:10 Rev. Marcellus Jannin, well known in Mobile and New Orleans, departed this life at Spring Hill College. About twelve days before he came from New Orleans in a very weak condition, hoping, however, to gain his impaired health and strength.

Although everything that medical skill and careful nursing could suggest was done for him, nevertheless the fatal disease that preyed upon his system made steady progress lessening his failing strength and hastening the end.

Father Jannin was born near Besancon in France on June 11, 1856. His early college education was received in the historic city of Avignon in the south of France. When nineteen years of age Marcellus Jannin, inspired by zeal for God's glory and the salvation of souls, left home and kindred and entered the society of Jesus in Louisiana.

At St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La., two years were spent in the study of the elements of ascetical theology, followed by a two years' course in literature. In 1879 this devoted young Jesuit became instructor in Latin and Greek at Spring Hill College, where he held this position for six years. During this period F. Jannin showed wonderful tact in training younger students and filling them with a spirit of piety and study that made scholars of a high standard.

The years from 1885 to 1888 were spent at Woodstock, Md., in following a thorough course of scholastic philosophy. In this science F. Jannin became an adept. The next year saw him again in Spring Hill filling his old position of instructor in Latin and Greek to junior students.

In the autumn of 1889, he went to Europe to pursue a four years' course of dogmatic and moral theology. These four years of loving labor were passed at Milltown Park, near Dublin, Ireland. F. Jannin finished this course with marked success. To finish his education he spent the year 1893-94 in Spain, studying canon law and ascetical theology.

The autumn of 1894 found F. Jannin professor of rhetoric at Spring Hill College. He filled this position until 1900, when he taught scholastic philosophy for one year.

Many old students of Spring Hill, scattered throughout the Southern states, will recall with pleasure and admiration the tireless energy of F. Jannin in the class room and his kind words of encouragement to industrious scholars.

On Feb. 21st the students attended the funeral of Mrs. A. J. Staub. The funeral services took place in the College Chapel and Very Rev. J. F. O'Connor, S. J., preached on the occasion. The bereavement of Professor Staub and his family has evoked the most sincere sympathy. Mrs. Staub was a native of Spring Hill, and it was in the College Chapel, May 31st, 1880, that her marriage with Mr. Staub was celebrated.

Half Session Exhibition

On Wednesday, Feb. 5th, the members of the Junior Literary Academy entertained a select audience in the college hall with a performance of "Edward the Confessor," a drama in five acts. At 8:45 p. m., after a beautiful overture played by the college orchestra, the curtain rose and Godwin and Sweyn are discovered in the castle grounds. B. Dolson as Godwin, Count of Kent, did full justice to that cool, calculating, ambitious character, and the manner in which he sustained his villainous part to the last won for him great praise from the spectators. The dialogue with Edward in the fourth act was his greatest triumph. B. Alvarez of Mobile seemed to enter with great spirit into the difficult role assigned him. His acting was strong and forceful, his enunciation clear and distinct and the applause he received at the close of the second and third acts gave evidence that he had won his way to the hearts of his audience.

K. Leche as Prince Alfred and brother of Edward, did some beautiful acting and in the death scene drew tears from the spectators. A. Beary as Edward, King of Eng-

land, seemed every inch an actor, and the calm, dignified manner in which from first to last he conducted himself, and the clear enunciation with which he spoke his lines, coupled with his graceful gestures, made him the hero of the occasion. All in all the young gentlemen acquitted themselves well and furnished the large audience intense pleasure.

The music was also a special feature of the occasion and Prof. Staub and Suffich are to be congratulated on the masterly manner in which the different numbers were rendered.

The cast was as follows:

Edward, King of England.....A. Beary
 Alfred, his younger brother.....K. Leche
 Godwin, Count of KentB. Dolson
 Leofric, Count of LeicesterC. Black
 Seward, Count of Northumberland.....S. Braud
 Harold, William, Oswald—Lords, friends of Edward—C.
 Schatzman, H. Munson, C. Holland.

Oswin, Confidant of Godwin.....A. Alvarez
 Redwald, Servant of Godwin.....T. Grace
 Synewulf, Geowulf—Assassins—J. McHardy, J. Alvarez.
 Lords, Soldiers.

The following was the musical program:

Overture—Barber of Seville.....Rossini
 College Orchestra.

Rose ValseLehnert
 College Orchestra.

Duo for Two Pianos.....Lysberg
 A. J. Staub and S. Simon.

Violin Solo—RomanceBrousart
 W. Dugan.

Duo for Two Flutes—Home, Sweet Home (with variations)
Kammer
 K. Leche and J. Deegan.

Gavotte—BeaumarieCarnes
Junior Band.

Primrose—OvertureBrepsant
Senior Band.

The reading of notes and distribution of cards and premiums brought the entertainment to a close.

The class specimens of the Academic department, which we give below, may appear somewhat dry and uninteresting to one who glances through them. This impression, however, would be the very opposite of what they gave when carried out on the stage of the Exhibition Hall. The ready and accurate knowledge then displayed, the spirited contests, and the clear enunciation of the young speakers gave color and tone to what appears in the printed programs as dull and ordinary. The success of the academic department this year was quite marked. In the third academic contest Section A won the prize after a long and dubious battle.

FIRST ACADEMIC CLASS. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4.

PROGRAM.

Literary.

Our Aim.....K. P. Leche
The Relative Construction.....J. T. Bauer
The Accusative with the Infinitive.....A. T. Beary
The Dative PluralC. J. Schatzman
The Second TensesJ. J. McHardy
The Combat (Lady of the Lake, Canto V)....R. J. Stafford

Musical.

Valse—Vienna GirlsZiehrer
College Orchestra.

Saxophone Solo	Konig
Rev. P. J. Philippe, S. J.	
Der Bettelstudent	Flute Duet
K. P. Leche—H. A. Frederic	
Battleship Texas	Beyer
Junior Band	
Loveland Waltzes	Holtzmann
Senior Band.	

Reading of Notes.

SECOND ACADEMIC CLASS, APRIL FIRST.

Program.

Part I.

Overture—The Deer Hunt.....	C. Calvini
Galop for Orchestra, Arranged by A. J. Staub.	
College Orchestra.	

Reading of Notes.

Salutatory	T. McDonough
Gaulish Chiefs in Council with Caesar.	
Divitiacus	C. Touart
Liscus	S. Voorhies
Dumnorix	B. Dolson
Viridovix	C. Holland
Volcus	J. Alvarez

Iceius	G. Mayer
Other Gauls	
Caesar	H. Munson
Cassidius	P. Parslow

PART II.

Fantasie—The Beggar Student.....Millocker

For Piano and Violin.

Violin, P. Parslow

English Composition

Greek Dissertation

Greek Dialogue

Alexander

Hannibal

Scipio

Minos

Chorus

Waltz—Merry Widow

Junior Band.

Distribution of Cards.

“My Old Kentucky Home”

Senior Band



CHAMPIONS OF JUNIORS' SECOND LEAGUE
SECOND ACADEMIC—Study of Caesar's Bridge



THIRD ACADEMIC CLASS, SEC. A & B. ..

WED., MAY 6.

Program.

PART I.

Overture—SemiramideRossini

College Orchestra.

Reading of Notes.

Declamation—The Song of the Market Place.....F. Smith

Latin ContestTranslation and Parsing

Section A	vs.	Section B
D. Braud		S. Klosky
L. Toups		J. Rives
L. Plauche		F. Smith
A. Spinner		W. Barker
J. Dolson		N. Portocarrero
W. Miller		T. Peters
F. Prohaska		J. Berthelot
C. Suderman		A. Colomb
F. Tarleton		R. Ducote

Overture—Spring Blossoms.....Arr: by Mackie-Beyer

Junior Band

Distribution of Cards.

Overture—SultanaLaurendeau

Senior Band

PART II.

Declamation—How Jimmie Tended the Baby.....J. Dolson

Greek Contest—Declensions and the Verb “to be”

Section A	vs.	Section B
D. Braud		S. Klosky
L. Touns		J. Rives
L. Plauche		F. Smith
A. Spinner		W. Barker
J. Dolson		N. Portocarrero
W. Miller		T. Peters
F. Prohaska		J. Berthelot
C. Suderman		A. Colomb
F. Tarleton		R. Ducote

Overture—Spring Blossoms.....Arr. by Mackie-Beyer

Junior Band

Distribution of Cards.

Overture—SultanaLaurendeau

Senior Band

Mardi Gras evening was celebrated with the annual play given by the Senior Academy. The title of the piece was,

"In a Regular Fix," and was one of the best, from a general standpoint, seen for some time. Mr. R. M. Breard's portrayal of the character of Mr. Hugh DeBrass was undoubtedly the finest bit of acting witnessed on a Spring Hill stage in years. The production was essentially a one man piece, and the other characters had little chance to distinguish themselves. What there was of their work was good.

"Box and Cox," presented under the auspices of the Junior Academy was quite a histrionic treat. Though by no means a play of yesterday or to-day, we may venture the assertion that it was a novelty to the major portion of the student body. Now if a play is any good, and the acting is high class and the production has not been seen before there is naught to prevent it from being a rare treat. Box and Cor was new, and it only remains to say that the acting was meritorious of great praise. Mr. T. McDonough, as Cox, carried off the honors of the evening. He was entirely at ease and acted his part with a degree of naturalness quite entertaining.

Something in the way of an innovation was the play presented by the A. B. Seniors on the evening of Saturday, May 9th. This is the first occasion, in our time at least, wherein a single class has essayed unaided, to put a production on the college stage. The Seniors were undoubtedly the most fitting class for the experiment, and they acquired new laurels in their rendition of the piece selected. "What Happened to Jones" was carried off in the same faultless manner that the '08 Seniors (A. B.) are accustomed to do all things. Mr. R. M. Breard was again in the title role and did peerless work, but he was not the only star of the evening. Escalante and Barker divided honors with him in their interpretation of the parts assigned to them. Vizard and Burns both deserve more than usual merit.

The second and much heralded entertainment of the Glee Club fell somewhat short of expectations. It took place on the evening of the 13th of May in the "College Auditorium"

to quote the words of the program. This building proved to be the erstwhile "College Hall," or "Exhibition Hall." Speaking of the program, the design on the front was no mean artistic touch. The singing did not strike us as being up to that of former entertainments, nor the songs either. There is no doubt that the Glee Club has enough material to do great things, but there was a manifest lack of preparation and arrangement in their last entertainment. W. Dugan's violin solo and encore were really enjoyable as was attested by the applause. The last song by the club, "Captain Willie Brown," also met with appreciation.

The Mardi Gras Minstrels, both Juniors and Seniors, were highly amusing. It requires both skill and courage to revamp old jokes and stories so as to raise a laugh before the audience can recognize them as old acquaintances. This, however, was done very successfully, which showed good will on the part of the audience.





COLLEGE TEAM '08

D. FOSSIER,

T. KELLY,

F. RIFFEL,

R. BREARD,

W. NICROSI,

A. DANOS,

J. BROWN





Senior

The try out for the team which was conducted by Mr. McCay revealed a plenty of new talent, and great credit is due to the coach for the excellent form that was quickly developed by the nine.

He assigned the positions in a way to bring out the best strength of the men, and even the loss of a good player like Camera during the season caused very little difference in the effective work that was accomplished.

S. H. C. made a very creditable showing against the Southern League team of Mobile in the game of March 17th. Never for a moment was there an indication that the College could spring a surprise on the visitors, as was done last year when the Mobiles were defeated in the first game. The record, however, is a better one than we made in the second game

of the previous year; we held the professionals down to a score of 6 as compared with 11 in 1907, and only 3 errors were recorded against us, the former game having 8.

Mobile—	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Thornton, C. F.....	1	1	0	1	0	0
Benson, 3rd. B.....	4	0	1	2	2	0
Daly L. F.....	4	2	1	1	0	0
McIver, R. F.....	3	2	1	0	0	0
Massing, 1st. B. & C.....	5	0	1	10	0	0
Sentell, S. S.....	2	1	0	5	5	1
James, 2nd. B.....	4	0	2	2	1	0
White, C.....	2	0	0	5	0	0
Fisher, P.....	2	0	1	0	5	0
Garvin, Ist. B.....	1	0	0	1	0	0
Gaskill, P.....	0	0	0	0	3	0
Noblit, C. F.....	2	0	0	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—
Total	30	6	7	27	9	1

Spring Hill—	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
McMaster, L. F.....	4	0	0	2	2	0
Kelly, 3rd. B.....	4	0	1	6	0	1
Danos, C. & S. S.....	4	0	1	6	1	1
Nicrosi, 1st B.....	4	0	0	7	0	0
Riffel, S. S. & P.....	3	0	0	2	5	0
Brown, 2nd. B.....	3	0	0	1	1	0
Fosier, R. F.....	3	0	0	2	0	0
Delaune, C. F.....	3	0	0	0	0	1
Fabacher, P.....	2	0	0	0	5	0
Bordelon, C.....	0	0	0	1	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—
Total	30	0	2	27	14	3

Left on bases—Spring Hill, 6; Mobile, 9. Struck out—Fabacher, 5; Riffel, 1; Fisher, 5; Gaskill, 2. Double play—Nicrosi. Wild pitches—Fabacher, 4. Passed ball—Danos, 1. First base on errors—Spring Hill, 1; Mobile, 0. Hit by pitcher—Sentell. Bases on balls—Fabacher, 9; Gaskill, 1.

Two-base hits—Fisher. Stolen bases—Benson, Daly, Mc-Iver, Massing, James 2, Fisher 2, Gaskill, Kelly. Sacrifice hits—Massing]

S. H. C. 6. All Stars 3.

On March 1st a very exciting game was played with the All Stars, the fastest team in Mobile. They could not hit our pitcher at the right moment and were defeated. This team had three professionals and their pitcher was no other than Nolly of Moblie's last year's team. Fabacher pitched a superb game, allowing only five scattered hits. Kelly, besides his excellent batting, fielded his position without error.

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Breard, L. F.....	5	0	1	1	0	0
Kelly, 3rd. B.....	5	1	2	0	1	0
Danos, C.....	4	0	1	12	1	4
Nicrosi, 1st. B.....	2	1	0	8	1	0
Riffel, S. S.....	4	0	0	4	2	0
Fossier, R. F.....	3	1	0	0	0	1
McMaster, C. F.....	1	2	1	1	0	0
Kevlin, 2nd B.....	4	1	0	1	4	5
Fabacher, P.....	4	0	0	0	10	0
Total	32	6	5	27	19	10

All Stars—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Parker C.....	5	1	2	9	1	0
McCay, 2nd. B.....	5	0	2	3	3	3
Thornton, C. F.....	5	0	0	1	0	0
Rush, 3rd. B.....	3	0	0	2	2	1
Dunlap, L. F.....	4	0	1	1	0	0
Langan, 1st. B.....	3	0	0	10	2	1
Leslie, R. F.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Hayes, P.....	4	0	0	0	9	0
Nolly, P.....	4	2	0	1	3	1
Total	36	3	5	27	20	6

S. H. C. 6. Champions 0.

Riffel pitched for the College, and he had all the steam and curves that could be desired, allowing only two hits in the entire game. Our boys pounded Lacey freely, thus winning with ease.

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
McMaster, C. F.....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Nicrosi, 1st. B.....	5	1	1	8	0	1
Danos, S. S.....	4	1	1	1	1	1
Kelly, 3rd. B.....	4	1	2	0	0	0
Riffel, P.....	3	1	2	0	16	0
Bordelon, C.....	4	0	0	15	3	1
Fossier, R. F.....	3	0	0	0	2	0
Brown, 2nd. B.....	3	1	0	0	3	1
Pardue, L. F.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Total	34	6	7	25	25	4

Champions—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Hite, S. S.....	3	0	0	2	2	1
Hooper, 3rd. B.....	4	0	0	3	1	0
Calametti, 2nd. B.....	4	0	0	1	1	1
Holcombe, 1st. B.....	3	0	0	11	1	0
Penny, L. F.....	4	0	2	2	0	0
Giuli, C. F.....	4	0	0	1	1	0
Betancourt, R. F.....	4	0	0	2	0	1
Rouss, C.....	1	0	0	5	1	0
Lacey, P.....	0	0	0	1	0	1
Total	27	0	2	28	7	4

S. H. C. 7. Ex-Champs. 1.

Danos' and Nicrosi's home runs for the College were the prettiest seen on the campus this season. Riffel pitched an excellent game for the home team. The visitors from Mobile could not make connection with the sphere.

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
McMaster, C. F.....	4	0	0	2	0	0
Nicrosi, 1st B.....	3	2	1	6	0	0
Danos, S. S.....	4	2	2	2	3	0
Kelly, 3rd. B.....	4	2	2	0	0	0
Bordelon, C.....	4	0	1	11	1	0
Fossier, R. F.....	3	1	1	4	0	0
Brown, 2nd. B.....	4	0	1	2	1	0
Nelson, C. F.....	4	0	1	0	0	1
Riffel, P.....	3	0	1	0	12	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—
Total	33	7	10	27	17	1

Ex.-Champions—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Calametti, 2nd. B.....	4	0	0	4	4	0
Neely, S. S.....	3	1	2	2	1	2
Vickers, C.....	3	0	0	7	4	1
Maylor, 1st B.....	3	0	1	8	0	0
Smallwood, L. F.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Denowy, C. F.....	4	0	0	0	1	0
Kelly, W., 3rd B.....	3	0	0	1	1	0
Norville, R. F.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Kelly, F., P.....	3	0	0	1	0	2
	—	—	—	—	—	—
Total	30	1	3	24	11	5

The Leagues

The First Division, with three leagues competing for victory, has witnessed some of the best games that were ever played on the diamond. The teams of the first league, under Captains Danos and Nelson, have an equal number of victories to the credit of each, and the short time now remaining will no doubt bring some notable contests.

Laborde and Reid on the Second League have not brought their teams so close to an equal standing, but here, as in the Third League, under Craven and Breard, the result

is still uncertain and no one can foretell to which side the final victory will belong.

May 19th, Plaquemines vs. Winners.

Fourteen Innings. Score, Winners, 7; Plaquemines, 6.

The Plaquemines had first inning. C. Bordelon, the first man to swing the stick, flied to short stop. Nicrosi, the next up, was hit by a pitched ball and was advanced to second by a wild throw. Capt. Danos, the next up, brought him home on a two-bagger in left-center. Stealing 3rd. base, he himself scored on a grounder hit by Breard to short stop, which was played at the home plate for him, but was thrown wild. Breard reached first base on a fielder's choice, only to fill the base, while Fossier flied to center. However, he was advanced to 2nd. by L. Bordelon, who arrived at 1st. base on a fumble of 3rd. baseman. Murray, the next up, was an easy out from third to first. This made the third out and the side was retired.

The Winners next came to bat. The first man up flied to left. Capt. Nelson, next up, reached 1st. base on a muffed fly by the pitcher and stole 2nd. base. The third up went out on a fly to 3rd. baseman, and Brown retired the side, being thrown out at 1st. base by shortstop. The 1st inning over the score stood 2-0 in favor of the Plaquemines.

The second inning opened favorably for the "Plaqs," Stafford rapping out a long single. This man on 1st. base stole 2nd. base and Neely struck out. The next up walked, Stafford stealing 3rd base, reached home on a wild throw of catcher's to 2nd. base in order to retire C. Bordelon, running from first but who stopped safe on 3rd. Nicrosi was retired by short stop and 1st. baseman and Bordelon scored on a wild throw. The third man up went out from third to first. The Winners came in expecting to do great work but were retired in one, two, three order by flies to second, right field and catcher. The score at end of 2nd. inning stood 4-0, favor Plaquemines.

The Winners in first half of 3rd. reversed tables on their opponents, retiring them in rapid succession. This task suc-

cessfully done, Capt. Nelson returned to bat with his followers, determined to make a run which they did as follows: Deegan hit safe, and stole second. The next up flied to short stop. The man on 2nd. base advanced to 3rd. base on Pardue's hit. Nelson, the third up, struck out, but Riffel, who followed, was walked to 1st. base and stole 2nd. base. Deegan crossed the plate on a passed ball by catcher before Brown flied to center, thus retiring his side, the score being 4-1 favor of Plaquemines.

The 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th innings for both sides passed quickly, each being principally a pitcher's contest.

But there was a different tale for the Winners in their last half of the eighth. Having retired the other side without any trouble, they returned to bat fully determined to show all spectators their abilities as ball players. Walsh, the first up, flied to short stop. Pardue, who followed, reached 1st. base on a single and stole 2nd. base. It was the time for Capt. Nelson to set good example, and this he did by walking. With a man on the first two sacks, Riffel faced the Plaquemine twirler only to give the second baseman a hot grounder which he played to 3rd. base to catch Pardue, but runner was safe. The bases stood full with one out and Brown at bat. This batsman worked the pitcher until he stood with two strikes and three balls to his credit; but he was not to disappoint his many rooters who continually, in this very critical moment, shouted cries of confidence to him. As firm as the rock of Gibraltar he stood at the plate and met the next ball squarely, driving it in left field for what seemed a home run; but the plucky Plaquemine fielder, Breard, after a hard run, reached the fence just in time to put out his bare hand to keep it from bounding over the fence. The next two men up were easy outs, Becker being struck out and Schimpf retiring side by a fly ball to left. The score stood 4 to 4 and the 9th inning to be played.

At beginning of the ninth, the Plaquemine rooters swelled the chorus of those of the Winners which had been most invigorating in the foregoing inning. But the yells of both parties counted for naught during this, the tenth and the

eleventh innings, as one side returned the same goods to the other as they had received. Chalin replaced Breard at end of 11th, who was forced to retire on account of bruises.

The 12th inning for both sides was void of any spectacular ball playing. The Plaquemines in their half were retired as follows: Neely flied to short, C. Bordelon went out from pitcher to first; Nicrosi hit safe and stole 2nd. but was retired on the strike out of Danos. The Winners in their half followed a one, two, three order.

Both sides again in the 13th played fast and errorless ball.

The 14th inning for Capt. Danos opened with Chalin at the bat, who was awarded a base on balls. The next man up reached first on a fielder's choice, when L. Bordelon was an easy out on a fly to 2nd. baseman. Fossier was trapped on first making two outs and Chalin 2nd. base. Murray, the next up, hit a high fly which Catcher missed. The pitcher in excitement picked up the ball and threw to 1st. baseman to make three outs, but threw wild, ball going deep into right field; Chalin scored and Murray reached 2nd. base on this error. Stafford reached first on a fumble by pitcher, and Murray went to 3rd. base. Stafford stole 2nd. and short stop received the ball, endeavoring to catch Murray napping at 3rd. base, but threw wild, thus allowing him to score and Stafford to reach 3rd. base. In the meantime the rooters were doing their share, and when Neely retired the side by a strike out, all felt confident the game was won for the Plaquemines. But they seemed to have forgotten another part of the 14th had to be played. When the Winners came to bat for the last time, all their rooters gathered together in a bunch to do their share to win the game. Deegan, the first up, struck out. Riffel came to bat only to swat the ball for a Texas Leaguer, scoring Schimpf and Pardue. Riffel stole 2nd and we find Brown again at bat. As he stepped into the box the air again vibrated with loud yells of approval. As usual he took two balls, but the third he hit with terrific speed to short stop, who, after recovering himself from a fumble, threw wild to 1st. baseman in order to retire runner. On this error, Riffel

scored, making the score 7 to 6, favor of the Winners. This ended the most spirited game of the season.

The features of the game were primarily the hitting of Brown and the good will and enthusiasm exhibited by the boys.

The Umpire, Mr. Vizard, gave perfect satisfaction and on close decisions was very accurate.

The line up was:

"Plaquemines"		"Winners"
Stafford	Catcher	Nelson
L. Bordelon	First Base	Brown
Neely	Second Base	Schimpf
Murray	Third Base	Riffel
Danos	Pitcher	Burns
Breard	Left Fielder	Deegan
Fossier	Center Filder	Becker
C. Bordelon	Right Fielder	Walsh
Nicrosi	Short Stop	Pardue

Juniors

There is no doubt that the two teams of the First League are composed of good players. The teams are evenly balanced, but the showing during the season has been very unequal. The difference between playing with a purpose and playing listlessly, between playing together and the opposite way, is shown in the record of the games. At one time the Blues had won nine games to three for the Reds. The latter re-organized and gained steadily on their opponents, the standing of the teams being Blues 10, Reds 7. The contest waxed warm and the two rattling given here resulted in no score.

May 14th, (ten innings)

Touart pitched an excellent game for the Blues, yielding only four scattered hits. Cox for the Reds was hit hard but he kept his hits well scattered. Both pitchers were well sup-

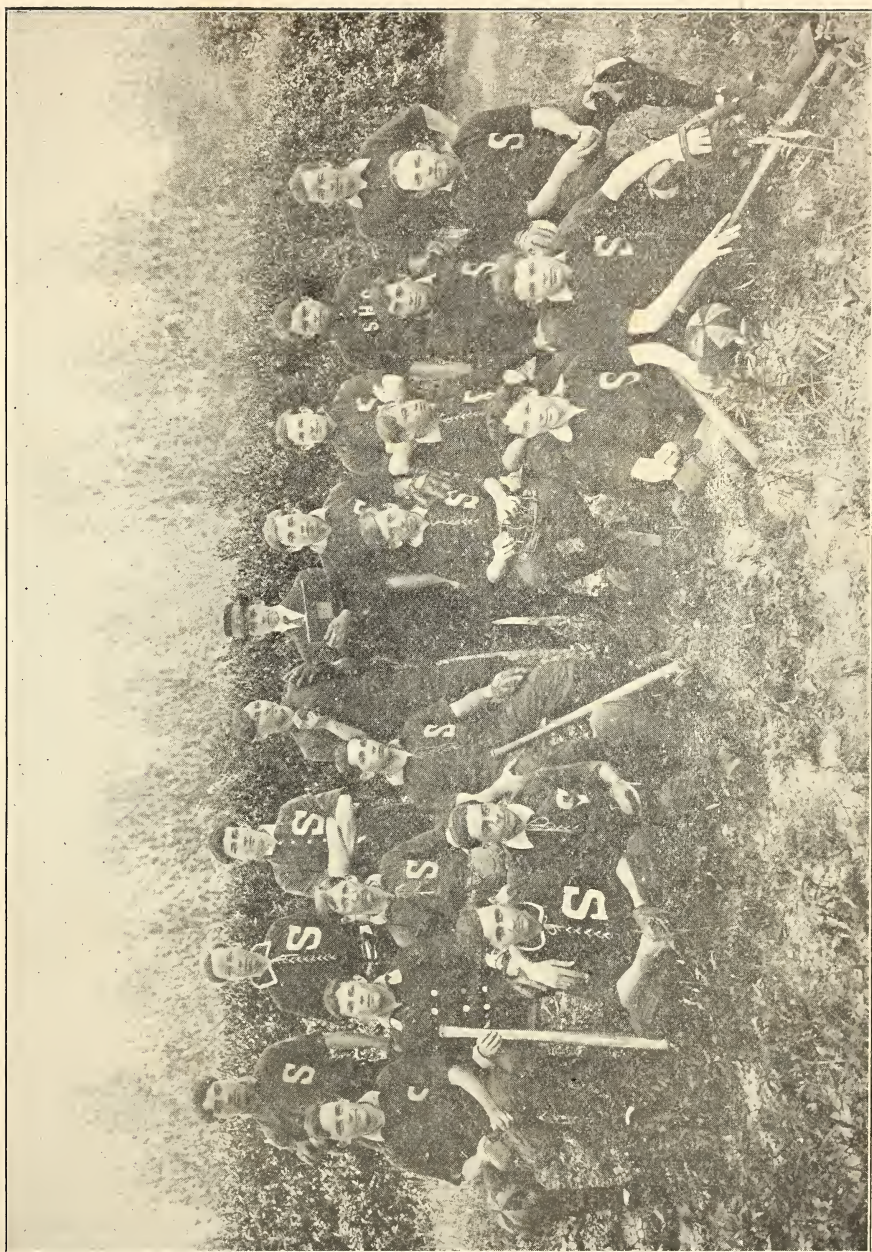
ported in the field. Poor base running prevented the Blues from scoring.

Blues—	AB.	H.	R.	PO.	A.	E.
Dolson, 3rd. B.....	3	0	0	0	4	0
Black, C.....	3	1	0	7	2	0
Touart, P.....	4	1	0	0	6	0
Grace, 1st. B.....	4	0	0	16	0	0
Schatzman, 2nd. B.....	5	1	0	2	2	1
Dossman, S. S.....	5	1	0	2	1	0
Voorhies, C. F.....	4	2	0	1	0	0
Ducote, L. F.....	4	3	0	2	0	0
Alvarez, R. F.....	3	2	0	0	0	0
Total	35	11	0	30	15	1
Reds—	AB.	H.	R.	PO.	A.	E.
Schneider, 3rd. B.....	4	0	0	4	3	0
Neely, C.....	2	1	0	8	5	1
Bauer, S. S.....	3	0	0	0	4	0
Cox, P.....	4	0	0	0	2	0
McHardy, L. F.....	4	1	0	2	0	0
Moreda, C. F.....	3	0	0	1	1	0
Bonvillain, 1st. B.....	3	2	0	12	2	1
Daly, 2nd. B.....	3	0	0	6	2	1
Wagner, R. F.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Total	30	4	0	33	19	4

Summary: Two-base hits—McHardy. Sacrifice hits—Dolson (2), Black (1), Grace (1), Alvarez (1), Bauer (1), Daly (1). Double plays—Moreda to Bonvillain; Bauer to Neely to Schneider; Daly to Neely; Schatzman to Grace. Left on Bases—Reds 5—Blues 11—Struck out by Cox 6, Touart—7—Base on Balls—off Touart 2, Cox 3.

May 15th. Reds 0—Blues 0 (16 innings).

For sixteen long innings both teams struggled hard to forge a run across the plate, but all in vain. Touart again



JUNIORS' FIRST LEAGUE

BLUES

REDS

pitched for the Blues and did splendid work in the box. O'Flinn for the Reds was in excellent form, yielding only five scattered hits and striking out fourteen men. The feature of the game was McHardy's fielding.

Reds—	AB.	H.	R.	PO.	A.	E.
Schneider, 3rd. B.....	6	2	0	1	2	0
Neely, C.....	5	1	0	18	1	0
Bauer, S. S.....	5	0	0	3	0	1
Cox, C. F.....	6	0	0	3	1	0
McHardy, L. F.....	6	2	0	4	0	0
Moreda, R. F.....	6	0	0	2	0	0
Bonvillain, 1st. B.....	6	1	0	13	1	2
Daly, 2nd. B.....	6	1	0	1	3	0
O'Flinn, P.....	5	0	0	1	7	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—
Total	51	7	0	46	17	3

Blues—	AB.	H.	R.	PO.	A.	E.
McDonough, S. S.....	5	1	0	3	5	0
Dolson, 3rd. B.....	5	1	0	8	4	0
Black, C.....	5	0	0	13	3	0
Touart, P.....	5	0	0	1	5	1
Grace, 1st. B.....	6	1	0	17	1	1
Schatzman, 2nd. B.....	5	0	0	2	9	0
Dossman, C. F.....	6	2	0	2	0	0
Voorhies, L. F.....	6	0	0	2	0	0
Alvarez, R. F.....	6	0	0	0	1	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—
Total	49	5	0	48	28	2

Summary: Two-base hits—Dossmann. Sacrifice hits—Schneider, Bauer. Base on balls—off O'Flinn 2, Touart 3. Struck out by Touart 9, O'Flinn 14. Double plays—Cox to Daly. Left on bases—Reds 9, Blues 8. Time 1 hr. 50 min. Umpire, P. Patout. Scorer, LeBaron.

In the Second League Trolie's nine is far in the lead, but there is no diminution of interest in the games. The

schedule is carried out faithfully. Patout's team shows no loss of courage though their best battery was lost by withdrawal from the college.

The same spirit prevails in the Third League, and the contest is a close one.

The Fourth League, however, was demoralized chiefly owing to the superior pitching of E. Meyer, who also discouraged his opponents by knocking too many home runs.



Third Division

Baseball is the talk day and night in the Third Division, and while our own League is flourishing, there is a general interest taken in the College Team and in the Southern League and all other leagues for that matter.

THE FIRST LEAGUE.

The First League started off with flying colors under the management of Capt. Valdez of the Yenni Hall Nationals and Capt. Horkan of the Yenni Hall Americans. When Capt. Valdez was called home, Guy Chappuis succeeded him and at the present writing is one game to the good. The following constitute the First League:

Americans

M. Roca, P.
T. Peters, 1st B.
G. Horkan, S. S.
C. Roycroft, L. F.
F. Smith, R. F.
M. Cummings, C.
Jno. Van Heuvel, 2nd B.
A. Rosada, 3rd B.
A. Colomb, C. F.

Nationals

P. Hamilton, P.
W. Barker, 1st B.
C. Adoue, S. S.
C. Lawless, L. F.
W. Miller, R. F.
G. Chappuis, C.
R. Harrigan, 2nd B.
Y. Potter, 3rd B.
A. Suderman, C. F.

As soon as the League was well under way a First Nine was formed and after a few weeks of practice the boys were ready to meet any team in their class. On Mar. 26, was played our first outside game, Yenni Hall vs. St. Joseph's School.

	R.	H.	E.
Yenni Hall	10	16	4
St. Joseph's School.....	4	9	11

At one time it seems there was a second league called the Teddy Bears.

Our Reading Room is quite new, but already the shelves are filling with neat volumes. The stove was an attraction in winter weather, but now only interest in a book can keep the members indoors. We have a regular library organization and the officers are A. Colomb, Pres., C. Lawless, Vice-Pres., G. Chappuis, Sec. and Treas. Librarians, W. Weatherly, N. Portocarrero.



Jesuit Alumni

Take Large Crowd over to Mobile on Excursion, and Pay a Pleasant Visit to Spring Hill College and Its Beauties.

"The old boys," as Rev. Father F. Xavier Twellmeyer styled them in his address of welcome, accompanied by hundreds of friends, particularly the fair sex, visited Springhill College, near Mobile, Ala., yesterday for the first time in six years.

Two hundred and ninety-eight of the members of the Jesuit Alumni Association, the greater number of which were graduates of Springhill, the Jesuit College here and Georgetown University, left at 7 o'clock over the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

Over three hundred ladies and children also made the trip.

Nothing of incident happened on the way to Mobile, except that the train was delayed and did not arrive in the Bay City until almost 1 o'clock.

Rev. Father F. Xavier Twellmeyer, the President of the College, with a number of the Faculty, met the train. The trip to Springhill was made in summer cars, and was very enjoyable.

At the College the Alumni were met by the College band and escorted through a prettily decorated arch of flowers and flags constructed by the students.

A huge sign bearing the words "Welcome" was at the entrance to the arch. It was made entirely of palms and created a fine impression on all.

After marching up the hill everyone went to the assembly hall, where a delightful program was rendered.

The entertainment was opened with a composition by Prof. Staub, leader of the band at the College, "Joyous Return," which was received with great applause.

Rev. Father Twellmeyer then welcomed the members of

the Alumni and their guests. Judge John St. Paul, President of the Alumni, responded to Father Twellmeyer's welcome, and in his talk told of the many happy days he had spent as a student at Springhill College.

At the conclusion of Judge St. Paul's remarks "Of What Are You Thinking?" a musical composition by Prof. Suffich, Assistant Musical Director of the College, was played.

Everyone then adjourned to the dining hall, where a sumptuous feast was served and enjoyed.

The large crowd, at the banquet's conclusion, repaired to the campus, where the ball teams, representing Jesuit and Springhill Colleges, hooked up.

Springhill won by the score of 7 to 3, but the game was by no means one-sided. The Jesuit College boys played loosely in the first two innings, and this lost the game for them. When Brennan, their pitcher, settled down, he held the Springhill boys to four hits, and if properly supported would have won easily.

Springhill played a great game, the fielders supporting Pardue, who twirled in brilliant style and deserved to win.

The teams lined up as follows: Springhill: Fossier, C. F.; Nicrosi, S. S.; Danos, 3rd base; Bordelon, C.; Breard, L. F.; Kelly, 1st base; Brown, 2nd base; Nelson, R. F., and Pardue, P.

Jesuit—Motram, R. F.; Perrier, C.; Broderick, 3rd base; Young, C. F.; Wogan, L. F.; Fourchy, 1st base; Walmsley, S. S.; Neely, 2nd base, and Brennan, P.

Vizard umpired and gave satisfaction to both sides.

Throughout the afternoon the visitors wandered over the grounds, inspecting the different buildings, gymnasium, natorium, reading-rooms, dormitories and other places, and everyone spoke only in praise of the Jesuit Fathers who have charge of the institution.

The Committee consisting of N. J. Nutter, General Chairman, and Chas. A. Duchamps and Gus A. Llambias, came in for great praise for the manner in which they conducted the affair.—New Orleans Picayune, May 25th.

